The Bystander. No. 37. Vol. III. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17. 1904

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THE BYSTANDER

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 37.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 17, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by] "The Belle of New York" [*The Biograph Studio*

Miss Edna May returned to her native country, the United States, last week, in order to fulfil a short engagement there

No. 37.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume II. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

August 17, 1904

For the last few years we have had the word Empire, with all its accompaniments, dinned into our ears with a never-ceasing reverberation; but the din has ofttimes given forth a cracked sound. Imperialism was brought into the hustings of politics, and acclaimed as a vast commercial asset. And then we hear that our shipping companies, who trade with Japan and Far Eastern ports, have had to cancel their sailings because of inadequate protection on the part of the British Government!

Far be it from us to attempt to foment ill-feeling between ourselves and a friendly nation. International law is capable of many interpretations, and when disputes regarding contraband arise they require careful handling. But the plain fact remains that our shipping has, in the opinion of the P. and O. and other large shipping companies, been subjected to such arbitrary seizures by Russia that it is the better of two evils to have their ships remain idle rather than risk capture by carrying cargo, which on some slender pretext or another is confiscated. No Englishman can regard this state of affairs with equanimity. If our carrying trade is to be lost because Russia goes to war of her own making, and draws up a list of what is contraband to suit her own convenience, no wonder that people are crying out about trade depression.

There is the Hague Arbitration Tribunal, which is perfectly well equipped for the purpose of settling what a belligerent may or may not decide upon as contraband. We should probably be willing to entrust our case in its hands if a decision could be come to without delay. But something must be done, for our shipping to Asia is quite disorganised, and we cannot afford to have it remain so. Protests handed to Russia by our Ambassador are politely received, and—promptly pigeon-holed. The most practical method Great Britain can adopt is to patrol in strong force the high seas from the Bosphorus to the Canal, and from the Red Sea to the waters of the Pacific Ocean. With a squadron of British warships hovering on the horizon, Russia's idea of contraband in British bottoms will doubtless undergo some moderation.

Although we feel it our duty to make some protest in this manner on the principle that if we are interfered with unwarrantably, it is necessary that we should stand up for ourselves, it must not be forgotten that Russia has her own grievances. Unquestionably, a great deal of contraband has been forwarded to Japan which, had she the means, Russia would have prevented from reaching its destination. Shippers who accept contraband take risks they are well paid for, and if they lose, must put up with the results.

Russia looks on the war now as a very serious undertaking. She has no doubt that in the end she will wear Japan down, but each steamer that lands contraband makes her task so much the more difficult, and we cannot blame her if she seeks to render the carrying of it as hazardous as possible.

Mr. A. G. Hales, who went out to the Far East as a war correspondent, and who has lately returned home, *via* Mongolia and Siberia and St. Petersburg, has been writing some very interesting articles in the *Daily News* on what he saw. Mr. Hales believes that the war is only now beginning. Hitherto, Russia has been using the riff-raff of her army in Manchuria. Three-quarters of a million of Siberian reserves are being called to the colours, and will shortly be sent to reinforce Kuropatkin, but, even then, the flower of the Russian army is being kept in reserve in Europe *in case of complications nearer home*. Let us hope Mr. Hales is wrong. No one desires more heartily than this nation to prevent a general conflagration. We are passing through a period of severe trade depression, owing to our own Boer war, and to recover we must have peace. It would be well if those firebrands of the Press who want to see blood spilt on every possible occasion would restrain their language a little more. Nevertheless, it behoves us to stand by our rights, and we trust Russia will avoid making bad blood, which we are sure it is her object to do, by ensuring every possible effort not to harass honest trading.

Next week the subject of Miss Marie Corelli's article will be "A Vital Point of Education"

Without Apology

Close on the *Daily Mail's* protest against "Regatta Rowdyism," the rumour comes that Mrs. Humphry ("Madge") will follow up her valuable "Manners for Men," and "Manners for Women," with "Manners for Cowes."

On the subject of prodigies, the *British Medical Journal* says, "It must be bad for little children to force them out of season."

This, surely, shows ignorance of London. It is only *in* the season that prodigies are forced upon us.

The British have at last arrived at Lhasa, and we now understand that, for the convenience of its leader writers, the *Daily Mail* is preparing a handy list of terms of abuse suitable for application to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman in the event of that gentleman venturing to criticise the action of the successful expedition.

During the recent heat wave two judges discarded their wigs, and several barristers followed their example. It is somewhat alarming to think that with the Long Vacation here the latter will be able to discard their "suits" as well.

The Japanese victory at To-much-cheng is mainly interesting by reason of the protest that underlies the name. Readers who have been puzzled by the confusing nature of the Far Eastern place-names will heartily endorse this protest. Not only is there To-much-cheng, but there are far too many Li's.

According to the *Daily Express*:

> The giant Moko, the tallest man in Europe, who was 7 ft. 9 in. high, died in Vienna on Tuesday of tuberculosis, at the age of twenty-nine.

Will our contemporary be offended if we offer it our congratulations upon the publication of yet another tall story?

A number of well-known actors engaged in a cricket match quite recently. It is gratifying to note the excellent scores; we had somehow derived an impression that the modern stage could not play well in anything.

Johnny Trundley, the Peckham fat boy, is daily adding an average of 1½ lb. to his weight. In this weather Johnny must be inclined to remark with the poet, "The little more, and yet how much it is."

The proprietors of the financial journal, the *Statist*, have been advertising, on a large scale, a volume entitled, "All about Assurance." From a glance at the title-page, however, we learn that the book is not by Mr. Chamberlain.

From a morning contemporary:

> JUSTIFIERS.—Improver wanted. Apply personally to, etc.

Although we have suppressed the address, we may add that the "Justifiers" are not, as might be supposed, being advertised for by the Government.

They were discussing the subject of perennial interest to their delightful sex, and, incidentally, the havoc which the recent Woman's Congress in Berlin had wrought among the men.

"Sooner or later," remarked our contributor Calpurnia, who was in the chair, "they will realise what a hornet's nest they have brought about their ears. Women are determined, once for all, to cast off the yoke. Men are selfish and much over-estimated creatures."

The applause with which this sally was greeted was somewhat drowned by the sounds of a heated discussion in a further corner of the drawing-room.

"Men," resumed the speaker, throwing a severe glance in the direction of the interruption, "have for centuries occupied a false position in the world. Now they only keep it by a rigid boycott on our sex. They won't admit us to practise as lawyers or as stockbrokers, because they are afraid of us. We must treat them with the contempt they deserve."

The interruption in the corner caused Calpurnia to stay her discourse. She hammered vigorously for a few moments to obtain order. Half-a-dozen ladies immediately rose to their feet and proceeded to shout one another down.

"Ladies, ladies, one at a time!" cried Calpurnia frantically. But as none of the speakers would give way and others joined them, the din became somewhat babelic. The disturber of the peace in the corner stood on a chair in order the better to enforce her views.

"Well, Madam," said Calpurnia desperately, "what is the matter?"

"I rise to a point of order," cried the fair disturber in a shrill falsetto.

"Order, order," exclaimed Calpurnia, violently hammering on the table.

"I wish to say that there is a lady present who has obtained entrance under false pretences, and I move that she be expelled. She is a traitor to our principles!"

"Who is she and what has she done?"

"She says she does not agree with a word that has been said!" screamed the fair disturber.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the lady alluded to; "I merely said that so long as your remarks were not intended to refer to my husband, I did not mind who else you were going for."

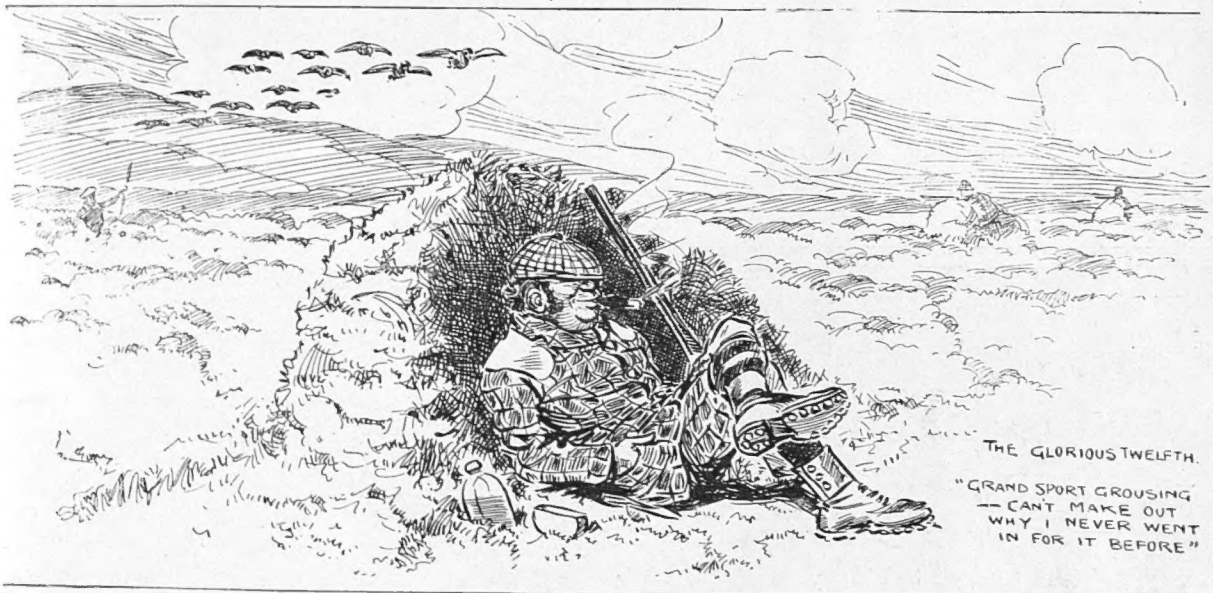
"You are quite right," said Calpurnia graciously; "none of our remarks refer to our own kith and kin. I think, ladies, that is thoroughly understood?"

And with this misunderstanding freely cleared up, the Ladies' Independence Society cheerfully resumed its attack on the Men Who Do Not Concern Them.

The Topictator

THE KENTISH COB — THE GOOD WHITE HORSE — IN MANNER BRIGHT AND MERRY, LEAPS BOTH THE FENCES, FLIES THE COURSE AND WINS — IN A CANTER (BURY) (CRAIG — CRICKET POET — IS HEREBY ADVISED TO LOOK TO HIS LAURELS)

AN ELEVEN MONTHS OLD BABY, CARRIED IN THE ARMS OF A POLICE MATRON, APPEARED AT THE MARYLEBONE POLICE COURT CHARGED WITH BEING FOUND IN A FLAT WHICH WAS USED AS A DISORDERLY HOUSE



THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH.

"GRAND SPORT GROUSING — CAN'T MAKE OUT WHY I NEVER WENT IN FOR IT BEFORE"

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR (IN "M.A.P.") SAYS HE HAS BEEN TRYING SINCE HE WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD TO SMOKE A CIGAR AND HAS NOT YET SUCCEEDED. WITH ALL RESPECT WE SUGGEST THAT PERHAPS THE EMINENT LITTERATEUR HAS NOT BITTEN THE END OFF.

DURING THE RECENT SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS MR WILLIAM ABRAHAM STATED THAT HE WAS READY TO BE CARRIED OUT

M. Waldeck-Rousseau

The death of M. Waldeck-Rousseau has left a gap in the French Ministry which it will be difficult to fill. For the last few years he had suffered from ill-health and lived, consequently, in retirement. He was a man universally trusted and esteemed even where he was not loved. France admires a man of calm, decided character, a man who is resolute in carrying out the policy he believes the right one for his country, and such a man was Waldeck-Rousseau. He first accepted the task of forming a Ministry during the height of excitement engendered by the Dreyfus revision trial at Rennes. Paris was in a state of frenzied excitement, and the slightest indication of weakness on the part of the Government would have led to a reign of anarchy. His stern, measured voice as he spoke, and his outwardly calm appearance, won the confidence of the nation, and saved France from, perhaps, one of the most serious crises of her history. But Waldeck-Rousseau was more than merely an adroit diplomatist. He was a reformer of a character that we should like to see in this country. It was he who removed the *octroi* duty on wine and placed it on alcohol, the curse of millions of French *bourgeoisie*. But greater than this was his Congregationist Bill, which commenced the era of rescuing France from the thraldom of the Church, and has now resulted in an open breach with Rome. A priest-ridden country can never be free, and Waldeck-Rousseau realised that freedom was necessary if France was to maintain her position in the front rank of the nations. Of his success the whole world now knows. He was in his fifty-eighth year.

Photo by **The late M. Waldeck-Rousseau** [*Nadar*

By whose death France has just lost one of her strongest and most trusted ministers

A Great Diplomat

Sir Edmund Monson, our Ambassador at the Quai D'Orsay, who will shortly retire, according to the regulations of the Diplomatic Service, has had a very successful diplomatic career, and his departure will be greatly regretted by the official, as well as the social, world of Paris. His Excellency has seen service in all quarters of the globe, is an effective speaker, and a delightful conversationalist—an art unhappily all too rare among Englishmen nowadays. In his early days, Sir Edmund had ideas of entering Parliament, contesting Reigate in 1865 in the Liberal interest, but was defeated. He also assisted Mr. Labouchere, when that staunch Radical firebrand first contested a seat, acting, we believe, as his agent. To show the esteem with which His Excellency is held abroad, it is sufficient to mention that in 1888 he was invited to act as arbitrator in a dispute between Denmark and the United States, and was publicly thanked by both Governments for the services he rendered the two countries. Among other Legations and Embassies where he has upheld the dignity of Great Britain, we may mention Uruguay, Argentina,

Photo by *Oricelty*

Prince Victor Napoleon of France

Photo by *Russell*

Princess Clementine of Belgium

Continental rumour has been busy coupling together the names of these two distinguished personages, and goes so far as to say that their engagement will shortly be announced. It is well-known that Princess Clementine's father, the King of the Belgians, is opposed to any such match, as it would bring him into conflict with the French Government, since the descendant of Bonaparte, and present head of the Bonaparte family, is ostracised by followers of the Republic

Paraguay, Denmark, Greece, Belgium, Austria, and finally Paris, the plum of the Diplomatic posts. It is very possible that on retiring, Sir Edmund, if he does not accept a peerage—he is, by the bye, heir to Lord Monson—will seek to obtain a seat in Parliament, for his knowledge of foreign affairs would prove a great acquisition to that assembly.

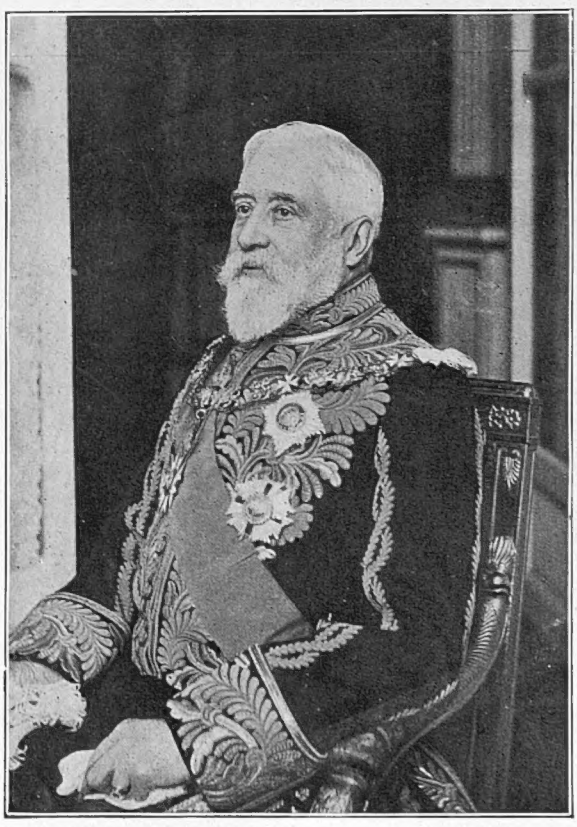


Photo by *Russell*

His Excellency Sir Edmund Monson

Our Ambassador in Paris, who is about to retire after a successful diplomatic career of nearly fifty years

Miss Manderville

Among the "400" of New York's elect Miss Manderville is declared to be the prettiest *jeune fille*. Her family is amongst the oldest in America, and Miss Manderville like most American women, has all the charm and vivacity of the great, free nation which has sprung up from the effete blood of Europe—or, as an American journal lately compared its inhabitants with the monarchial tainted peoples of Europe—like orchids springing from a swamp. We leave the simile to our readers' judgment as to its correctness, but whether they unravel its meaning or not it is very certain that America, in producing charming girls like Miss Manderville, has some right to feel proud.

Lady Southampton

Lady Southampton is one of the two charming daughters of Lord and Lady Zetland, her sister being Lady Fitzwilliam. Her marriage, about a dozen years ago, was one of the events of Lord Zetland's term as Viceroy of Ireland, and was solemnised with great pomp in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Lady Southampton, who is an extremely graceful woman, is the happy mother of two sweet little girls, the Queen and Lady Grosvenor being godmothers to the younger, who rejoices in the imposing title of Victoria Alexandrina Sibell FitzRoy.

There is a very pathetic story in the annals of Lord Southampton's family. An ancestor of his, on the night after the execution of Charles I., got permission with a friend to watch by the headless body in the Banqueting Chamber at Whitehall. During the small hours of the morning, as they continued their eerie and mournful task, a man entered the room, his figure muffled in a thick cloak. With a start the two companions recognised the stern, rough-hewn features of Oliver Cromwell, who advanced and stood by the body for some time, then sighed heavily, and muttered to himself, "Cruel necessity!" ere he turned away and left the astonished watchers.

General Booth

General Booth is making a tour of the inaccessible country districts of England and Scotland in a motor-car. The motor has been put to many uses, and its devotees are never tired of prophesying the immense future it has before it. But a better use than General Booth is now putting it to is hard to imagine. The Salvation Army is a magnificent organisation, which gets to the very heart of the people. It not only preaches but it practises, and General Booth will, during his tour, no doubt add to the debt which the nation owes him for his efforts in regenerating those who have trod upon the thorny ways.

Ph to by *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Southampton

One of our most charming young peeresses

Miss Mandeville

A popular beauty among New York's elect "Four Hundred"

Photo by *R. H. Preston*

Salvation by Motor: General Booth in the car in which he is conducting a series of missions throughout England and Scotland

The General and his Staff, starting from the extreme west of England, are proceeding by way of Exeter and Malvern to the Potteries. Thence to Durham and over the Border to Lanark, Dundee, and Forfar, the tour ending at Aberdeen

Dr. Jameson

That Cape Colony should now have as its Premier the man who led the raid into the Transvaal, and went to prison at Holloway for doing it, is one of the most singular of time's whimsicalities. Dr. Jameson, who is at the present time on a visit to this country, has actually worn the broad arrow at Wormwood Scrubbs; for until it had been decided that the sentence of the Court which condemned him, entitled him and his companions to rank as first-class misdemeanants, "Dr. Jim" was treated (for a day and a night, we believe) as an ordinary convict. As a young man, Dr. Jameson was a brilliant and promising medical student in London, but went to South Africa—like Mr. Rhodes and so many more—for his health. He rose to the head of his profession in South Africa, and became the intimate friend of Mr. Rhodes, who made him Administrator of Matabeleland. In this post the doctor's extraordinary gift of attaching men to him grew into prominence. It is likely to serve him well as Premier. Dr. Jameson, as Administrator, was, more than any man, responsible for the last Matabele war, in which the tribe was broken, and the development of Rhodesia at last left unhampered. He turned back the Boers who rode out to dispute the Chartered Company's title to the Transvaal hinterland. Up to December, 1895, when he led the fatal venture that ended at Krugersdorp, his career was one of unbroken success. After an interval of seclusion, silence and—let us hope—good resolutions, "Dr. Jim" has returned again to the front rank of South African politics, where, if report speaks true, he again commands, in his greatly enlarged sphere, his former success and popularity.

Mr. Charles Morton

Mr. Charles Morton, the energetic proprietor and manager of the Palace Theatre, celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday this week. He is one of the most wonderful of men, and possesses a vigour and capacity for work which many of his juniors by fifty years might envy. It is not his habit to delegate his duties to other people. Every evening sees him at the Palace Theatre, the acknowledged and active head of all, as nothing ever takes place without his knowledge. Until it fell under his capable management, the Palace was an out-and-out failure, but his intimate acquaintance with the public taste quickly brought it to its present high level of success. Undoubtedly his experience of British audiences has been large, as it is fifty-five years since he first became a manager of music halls and theatres. In appearance he is a little man—very dapper and neat; and in his long life has learnt the secret of popularity.

Photo by *Mills*

Dr. Jameson, the Premier of Cape Colony

"Dr. Jim" is at the present time in England on a visit

Photo by *Langfier*

Mr. Charles Morton

The veteran proprietor and manager of the Palace Theatre, who celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday this week

Photo by *J. T. Newman*

The Record Harvest

All over the country the harvest is being gathered in, in many instances fully a month before the usual time. Taken altogether, the yield is good and the quality fair. Samples of this year's growth fetched 30*s.* a quarter last week in Lincolnshire

The Cult of the Canine "Soul"

"Who is she in mourning for?"

"Don't you know? Her poor little dog went mad the other day through worrying over Rider Haggard's 'Canine Soul Problem,' and had to be killed"

FROM ABROAD.

Lhasa, the Forbidden City. Revealed

A year ago, the idea that Lhasa the inscrutable would have been laid bare to European eyes, a British force encamped within its walls, and plans and photographs of its most sacred edifices reproduced in every paper, might well have been flouted with scorn. Even more wonderful than the deed itself was the method of its accomplishment. Since the year 1811, when Manning, the friend of "Elia," spent five months in the city, no Englishman has penetrated there until the leaders of the British Mission arrived with a handful of soldiers to interview no less a person than the Dalai Lama himself. Descriptions of Lhasa reveal a state of things common in most Eastern cities, almost priceless extravagance being neighbour to ineffable filth and squalor. One disappointed narrator describes the city as being in appearance very like an English suburban town, with fields of barley and other crops growing in its open spaces, though it is hard to reconcile this with the fact that, seen from a height, the whole city seems to glisten in the sunlight, so many of its temples are covered with burnished gold. The situation of the Mission is still very complicated. The Dalai Lama, at whose bidding heads are chopped off, has fled to a monastery, and declares that he will remain there in solitude for three years. We trust that without further display of armed force he may be brought round to a saner view of things

A Lama (priest) delivering an oracle

Tibet is the most priest-ridden country in the world, and all business transacted, whether political, judicial, or administrative, is in the hands of the Lamas

Potala—The Imposing Palace of the Grand Lama at Lhasa (From a photograph by a member of the Nepal Embassy)

At last the veil has been lifted from another of the world's mysteries, and the forbidden city of Lhasa, into which no Englishman has penetrated since 1811, has become more familiar to the average newspaper reader than many cities in his own country. It was only to be expected that some disappointment should have been felt when the secret city had been penetrated, yet with its wonderful monasteries and buildings, the roofs of which glitter with burnished gold, Lhasa still holds much that will startle European ears

(Our illustrations are reproduced from the "Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet," by Sarat Chandra Das, by permission of the publisher, Mr. John Murray, Albemarle Street)

Mecca: The Famous Birthplace of Mahomet, and the only remaining town, since Lhasa has been revealed, into which Europeans cannot penetrate

Although much is known of the interior of Mecca it has been visited by very few travellers, among the more famous being Burckhardt and Sir Richard Burton, the latter of whom entered in the disguise of an Indian Pathan. In the centre is seen the Kaaba, or "cube," the temple of Mecca, ages before the appearance of Mahomet, who invented the legend that Abraham built the Kaaba. The annual pilgrimage is still attended by 100,000 people. Our photograph was only taken after the greatest difficulties had been overcome, and the photographer was more than once in danger of losing his life

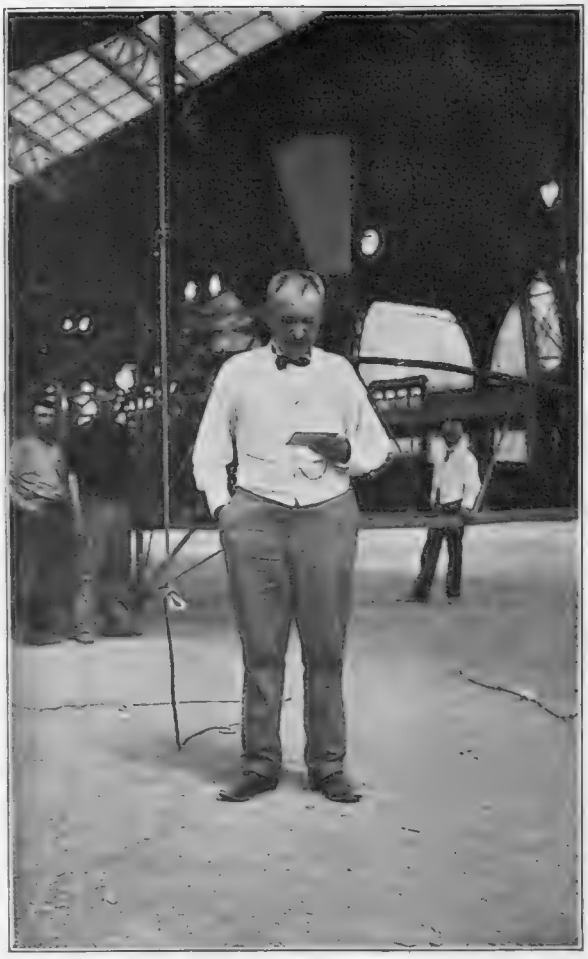
Photo by *Raphael*

The great Airship which will take the place of M. Santos Dumont's damaged one in the St. Louis race

The "Ville de St. Mandé" Airship, as photographed in the great hall of the Galerie des Machines, Paris, before M. Contour's departure for the United States

Mecca still Forbidden

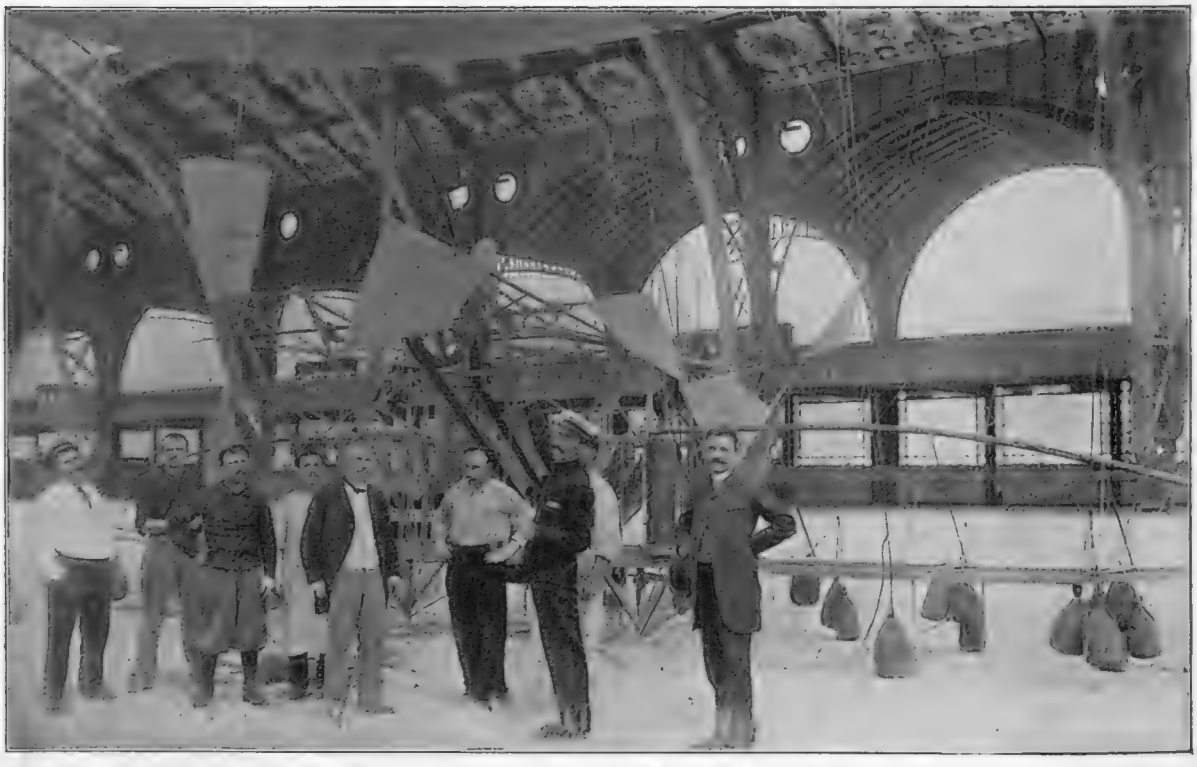
The only remaining parallel to Lhasa is Mecca, which still shrouds itself in a veil of mystery. Burckhardt, and later Sir Richard Burton, carrying their lives in their hands, lived in this city, the latter intermingling unobserved with its inhabitants, and taking part in its most abstruse religious rites with its pilgrims. Both Mecca and Lhasa have many points of interest in common. Each respectively is a point of pilgrimage for converts to the two great religions of the East—Mahometanism and Bhuddism, the one as the birthplace of Mahomet receiving 100,000 pilgrims annually. Both contain wonderful temples—and both, behind their closed gates (to Europeans at least), have also been centres of indescribable filth, squalor and vice. Lhasa now stands revealed. When will the turn of Mecca come?



M. Contour, the French aeronaut, who is racing in place of M. Santos Dumont in the St. Louis Exposition Airship Contest

Airships at St Louis

Although Monsieur Santos Dumont, owing to the accident to the envelope of his great balloon, will not be able to compete at the St. Louis Exhibition, another Frenchman, Monsieur François Contour, hopes to carry off the prize. Monsieur Contour has built a huge airship, "La Ville de St. Mandé," cubing eighteen hundred and fifty mètres, and carrying a 30 h.-p. motor. It differs somewhat both in shape and in construction from Monsieur Santos Dumont's famous cigar-shaped air vessels, and is run without a rudder by means of four propellers, which not only propel but alter the direction at the aeronaut's will. In our illustration showing these four propellers, Monsieur Contour is in the centre, and Monsieur Paul Dartois, the aeronaut, is standing (in the white cap), with uplifted arm, in the foreground.



Photos by *Raphael*

The Four Rudder Propellers of M. Contour's Airship "La Ville de St. Mandé"

This airship, which is built on slightly different lines to those of M. Santos Dumont, carries a 30 h.-p. motor, and is run without a rudder, her direction being altered at will by means of the four powerful propellers seen in our illustration. M. Contour is seen in the centre of the group of workmen.

DRAWN BY *T. RUDDIMAN JOHNSTONE, TOKYO*

The Summer Girl in Japan

During the tropical summer (writes our Artist in Japan) Japanese ladies frequently visit and sometimes stay at the peculiar institutions known as Tea Houses, which are usually situated close to their very many waterfalls. There, during the heat of the day and in the evening, they sit on light wooden platforms, enjoying the cool air and the spray which comes from the fall

Photo by *Thomas*

Miss Madge Crichton — "Resting"

The Social Blight*

By MARIE CORELLI

People who live in the country know what is meant by a 'blight'—a thing which is neither mist nor storm, neither cloud nor rain,—a fever of the atmosphere, without any freshening or cleansing force in its composition. Like a dull stretch of smoky fog, it hangs for hours and often for days over the face of the landscape, poisoning the wholesome fruit and grain in the orchards and fields, and leaving trails of noxious insect pests behind it upon trees and flowers, withering their foliage, and blackening all buds of promise with a destroying canker to their very core. It is a suffocating, malodorous miasma, clinging to the air, for which there is no remedy but a strong, ay, even a tempestuous wind,—a wind which vigorously pierces through the humid vapour and disperses it, tearing it to shreds, and finally working up such a storm as shall drown it out of existence in torrents of purifying rain. Then all nature is relieved,—the air is cleared,—health and gladness re-assert their beneficent influences, and the land lies open to renewed life and easy breathing once more.

Even as 'blight' is known in things natural, so is it known and easily recognisable in things moral and social. It occurs periodically and with more or less regularity, between certain changing, and not always progressive, phases or epochs of human civilization. It visited Sodom and Gomorrah, Tyre and Sidon; it loomed over Nineveh and Babylon,—and in our day it is steadily spreading its pall over Europe and America. Its gloom is heavy and pronounced,—it would seem to be darkening into the true sable or death colour, for there is no light of faith to illumine it. It is the outcome of the infected breath of peoples who are deliberately setting God aside out of their countings, and living for Self and the Hour alone. So-called 'scientists,' scraping at the crust-covering of the mine of knowledge, and learning of its hidden treasure about as much as might be measured with a finger-nail, have boldly asserted that there is no God, no Supreme Intelligent Force back of the universe,—no future life,—nothing but death and destruction for the aspiring, fighting, working human soul,—and that, therefore, having been created out of caprice, a 'sport' of chance and the elements, and having nothing to exist for but to make chance and the elements as agreeable as possible during his brief conscious experience of them, the best thing for man to do is to 'eat, drink, and be merry all the days of his life,' though even this, according to Solomon, is 'also vanity.' For of eating comes indigestion, of drink stupefaction, and of merriment satiety. Strange it is that if there is no higher destiny for man than this world and its uses, he should always be thrown back upon himself dissatisfied! Give him millions of money, and when he has them, he cares little for what they can bring; grant him unlimited power, and a few years suffice to weary him of its use. And stranger still it is to realize, that while those who do not admit God's existence, strut forth like bantams on a dunghill, crowing their little opinions about the sun-rise, we are all held fast and guided, not only in our physical, but in our moral lives by immutable laws, invisible in their working, but sooner or later made openly manifest. Crime meets with punishment as surely as night follows day. If the retribution is not of man's making,—if human law, often so vicious and one-sided in itself, fails to give justice to the innocent, then Something or Someone steps in to supply man's lack of truth and courage, and executes a judgment from which there is no appeal. What it is or Who it is, we may not presume to declare,—the Romans called it Jove or Jupiter;—we call it God, while denying, with precisely the same easy flippancy as the Romans did just before their downfall, that such a Force exists. It is convenient and satisfying to Mammonites and sensualists generally, to believe in nothing but themselves, and the present day. It would be very unpleasant to them to have to contemplate with any certainty a future life where neither Money nor Sex prevail. And because it would be unpleasant, they naturally do not admit its possibility. Nevertheless, without belief in the Creator and Ruler of all things,—without faith in the higher spiritual destiny of man as an immortal and individual soul, capable of progressing ever onwards to wider and grander spheres of action, life in this world appears but a poor and farcical futility.

Yet it is precisely the poor, farcical and futile view of life that is taken by thousands of European and American people in our present period. Both press and pulpit reflect it; it is openly shown in the decadence of the drama, of art, of literature, of politics, and of social conduct. The 'blight' is over all. The blight of atheism, infidelity, callousness and indifference to honourable principle,—the blight of moral cowardice, self-indulgence, vanity, and want of heart. Without mincing matters, it can be fairly stated that the aristocratic Jezebel is the fashionable woman of the hour, while the men vie with one another as to who shall best screen her from her amours with themselves. And so far as the sterner sex are personally concerned, the moneyed man is the one most sought after, most tolerated, most appreciated and flattered in that swarm of drones called 'society' where each buzzing insect tries to sting the other, or crawl over it in such wise as to be the first to steal whatever honey may be within reach. And worst of all things is the selfish apathy which pervades the majority of the

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well-to-do classes. As little sympathy is shown among them for the living, as regret for the dead. The misfortunes of friends are far more often made subject for ill-natured mockery than for compassion, —the deaths of parents and relations are accepted with a kind of dull pleasure, as making way for the inheritance of money or estates. No real delight is shown in the arts which foster peace, progress and wisdom; and equally little enthusiasm is stirred for such considerations of diplomacy or government which help to keep nations secure. A great man dies one day, and is forgotten the next, unless some clumsy and scandalous 'biography' which rakes up all his faults and mistakes in life, and publishes private letters of the most intimate and sacred character, can be hawked to the front by certain literary vultures who get their living by tearing out the heart of a corpse. Say that a dire tragedy is enacted,—such as the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, or the atrocious murder of the late King and Queen of Servia,—or, what is to many minds almost as bad,—the heartless and un-Christian conduct of Leopold, King of the Belgians, to his unhappy daughter Stéphanie,—and though each event may be as painful and terrible as any that ever occupied the attention of the historian, they appear to excite no more human emotion than a few cold expressions of civil surprise or indifference. Feeling,—warm, honest, active, passionate feeling for any cause, is more difficult to rouse than the Sloth from its slumbers. It would, in truth, seem to be dead. The Church cannot move it. The Drama fails to stir it. Patriotism,—National Honour,—have no power to lift it from the quagmire of inertia. But let there be a sudden panic on the Stock Exchange,—let the Paris Bourse be shaken,—let Wall Street be ablaze with sinister rumour—and then hey and halloo for a reckless, degrading, humiliating, miserable human stampede! Like infuriated maniacs men shriek and stamp and wrestle;—with brains on fire, they forget that they were born to be reasoning creatures capable of self-control;—their much boasted-of 'education,' avails them nothing,—and they offer to the gods a spectacle of frantic fear and ignominy of which even an untaught savage might well be ashamed.

But perhaps the most noxious sign of the blight in the social atmosphere is the openly increasing laxity of morals, and the frankly disgraceful disregard of the marriage tie. Herein the British aristocracy take the lead as the choicest examples of the age. Whatever Europe or America may show in the way of godless and dissolute living, we are unhappily forced to realize that there are men in Great Britain, renowned for their historic names and exclusive positions, who are content to stand by, the tame witnesses of their own marital dishonour, accepting, with a cowardice too contemptible for horsewhipping, other men's children as their own, all the time knowing them to be bastards. We have heard of a certain 'nobleman' who,—to quote Holy Writ,—'neighed after' another man's wife to such an extent, that to stop the noise, the obliging husband accepted £60,000, a trifling sum, which was duly handed over. Whether the gentleman who neighed, or the gentleman who paid, was the worst rascal, must be left to others to determine. It was all hushed up quite nicely,—and both parties are received "in the best society," with even more attention than would be shown to them if they were clean and honest, instead of being soiled and disreputable. The portrait of the lady whose damaged virtue was plastered up for £60,000 is often seen in pictorials, with appended letterpress suitably describing her as a lily-white dove of sweet purity and peace. One blames the sinners in this sordid comedy less than the 'fashionable' folk who tolerate and excuse their conduct. Sinners there are, and sinners there always will be,—modern Davids will always exist who seek after Bathsheba and do their level best to get Uriah the Hittite comfortably out of the way,—but that they should be encouraged in their sins and commended for them, is quite another story. Apart from the pernicious influence they exercise on their own particular 'set,' the example of conduct they give to the nation at large, not only arouses national contempt, but in some cases, where certain notable politicians are concerned, may breed national disaster.

With looseness of morals naturally comes looseness of conversation. The conversation of many of the Upper Ten, in England at least, shows a remarkable tendency towards repulsive subjects and objectionable details. It is becoming quite a common thing to hear men and women talking about their 'Little Marys,' a phrase which, though invented by Mr. J. M. Barrie, is not without considerable vulgarity and offence. Before the very excellent and brilliant Scottish novelist chose this title for a play dealing with the digestive apparatus, it would have done him no harm to pause and reflect that with a very large portion of the Christian world, namely the Roman Catholic, the name of Mary is held to be the most sacred of all names, second to none save that of the Divine Founder of the Faith. I am told on good authority that Americans,—especially the best of the American women,—have been amazed and more or less scandalized at the idea that any portion of the 'cultured' British public should be found willing to attend a dramatic representation dealing with matters pertaining to the human stomach. I hope this report is true. My admiration for some American women is already very great, but it would go up several points higher if I were made quite sure that their objection to this form of theatrical enterprise was genuine, permanent, and unconquerable. I like Mr. Barrie very much, and his Scottish stories delight me as they delight everybody, but I want him to draw the line at the unbeautiful details of dyspepsia. People are already too fond of talking about the various diseases afflicting various parts of their bodies to need any spur in that way from the romantic drama. One of the most notorious women of the day has attained her doubtful celebrity partially by conversing about her own inner mechanism and other people's inner mechanisms in a style which is not only 'free,' but frankly disgusting. But,—"she is so amusing!" say the Smart Set,—"One cannot repeat her stories, of course—they go *rather* far!—but—but—you really ought to hear her tell them!" This kind of thing is on a par with certain lewd fiction lately advertised by certain enterprising publishers who announce—"You must have this

book! The booksellers will not show it on their bookstalls. They say you ought NOT to read it. GET IT!"

All homage to the booksellers who draw the line at printed garbage! One must needs admire and respect them for refusing to take percentages on the sale of corrupt matter. For business is always business,—and when business men see that the tendency of a certain portion of the reading public, is towards prurient literature, they might, were they less honourable and conscientious than they are, avail themselves financially of this morbid and depraved taste. Especially as there are a large number of self-called 'stylists' who can always be relied upon to praise the indecent in literature. They call it 'strong,' or 'virile,' and reck nothing of the fact that the 'strong' stench of it may poison previously healthy minds, and corrupt otherwise innocent souls. Prurient literature is always a never-failing accompaniment of social 'blight.' The fancy for it arises when wholesome literary fare has become too simple for the diseased and capricious mental appetite, and when the ideal conceptions of great imaginative minds, such as the romances of Scott and Dickens, are voted as "too long and boresome!—there's really no time to read such stories nowadays!" No,—there is no time! There's plenty of time to play Bridge though!

Poetry—the greatest of the arts—is absolutely neglected in our present period, because nobody will read it. Among the most highly 'educated' persons, many can be met who prattle glibly about Shakespeare, but who neither know the names of his plays nor have read a line of his work. With the decline of Poesy comes as a matter of course the decline of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture and Music. For Poesy is the parent stem from which all these arts have sprung. The proofs of their decline are visible enough amongst us to-day. Neither Great Britain, nor Europe, nor America can show a really great Poet. England's last great poet was Tennyson,—since his death we have had no other. Equally there is no great sculptor, no great painter, no great novelist, no great architect, no great musician. I use the word 'great' of course in its largest sense, in the sense whereof we speak of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, or Beethoven. There are plenty of clever 'sketchy' artists,—'impressionist' painters and fictionists, 'rococo' sculptors, and melodious drawing-room song-writers,—but we wait in vain for a new 'grand' opera, a nobly-inspired statue, a novel like "Guy Mannering," or a Cathedral, such as the devout old monks designed in the intervals between prayer and praise. The beautiful and poetic ideals that made such work possible are, if not quite dead, slowly dying, under the influence of the 'blight' which infects the social atmosphere,—the blight which is thick with Self and Sensuality,—which looms between man and his Maker, shutting out every hopeful glimpse of the sun of faith, whose life-giving rays invigorate the soul. And those who see it slowly darkening,—those who have been and are students of history, and are thereby able to recognise its appearance, its meaning, and its mission, and who know the mischief wrought by the poison it exhales will surely pray for a Storm!

"Come but the direst storm and stress that Fate
Can bring upon us in its darkest hour,
Then will the realm awake, however late,
From the warm sloth in which we yawn and cower,
And pass our sordid lives in greed, or mate
With animal delights in luxury's bower;
Then will the ancient virtues bloom anew,
And love of country quench the love of gold;
Then will the mocking spirits that imbue
Our daily converse fade like misty cold
When the clear sunshine permeates the blue;
Men will be manly as in days of old,
And scorn the base delights that sink them down
Into the languid waters where they drown!"

Marie Corelli.

Photo by *Russell*

The first photograph of the Royal Tomb in the Mausoleum at Frogmore taken since its completion

CONCERNING MR. GEORGE EDWARDES

The proverbial luck of the British Army is subject, as we know, to periods of temporary paralysis. In one of these occurred Bannockburn; in another, Magersfontein; and in a third, the youthful George Edwardes abandoned the intention he had at one time cherished of entering his country's service as a soldier. It was a momentous decision; for can we doubt that the man who has shown so splendid a genius for inducing the British public to pour out its money would have made an imperishable name in the South African War?

He ought—his very moustache proclaims it—to have been of the Household Cavalry. How different things would be if we only had Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Edwardes, V.O., in power at the Horse Guards! How much better the Trooping of the Colour would go, after he had rehearsed it a few times! If it be not treasonable to suggest it, how much in the way of scenic detail his talents might have added even to the Coronation ceremonies! How he would have brightened up the procession! How mercilessly he would have cut the Abbey scene! But of what use are such fond imaginings! George Edwardes went into the theatre business.

He began at the Savoy, in the brave days of Gilbert and Sullivan; and there, in the manager's department, he made complete acquaintance with the once great, but now almost forgotten, science of comic opera, from which he was to derive the idea of that supreme creation, the racial secret of the English-speaking race, understood or tolerated by no other people under Heaven, the George Edwardes musical comedy. In time to come, perhaps, they will show to awe-struck visitors from over sea the place where the dictator of the British stage once labured in obscurity; the peg on which he might have hung the glossy hat, which, even in those early days, he never could be persuaded to remove when work was to be done; the table on which, says rumours, it was his custom to collect the cash takings of several days, tenderly withheld from the cold portals of the bank, so that his eye might feast upon the little mound of money, and his mind be quickened with the thought of what a man might do with cartloads of it.

For it is a sound appreciation of the value and importance of money that explains the theatrical marvel, George Edwardes. To very many persons on and connected with the stage, money is the Unknown God, worshipped with innumerable libations, but seldom revealing himself to his devotees. With George Edwardes, however, the divinity has long been on familiar terms. Few men have made more money than he out of the theatre business; but probably no man has spent so much and so boldly as he in the same business. He was so blest as to make the discovery, long hidden from the groping minds of managerial mankind, that it paid to employ the very best men that could be had in each several department of theatrical affairs, and to fee them well.

The best scene-painters in the world are retained by George Edwardes. The most talented composers of light music, the most popular writers of lyrics, the most resourceful costumiers, the most irresistible comedians, the most beautiful women, the noblest-looking young men, the soberest scene-shifters, the most awe-inspiring doorkeepers, all are his, so far as finding them out and paying them well can make them so.

The author, it is true, of a George Edwardes production is not, as a rule, remarkably well paid, or remarkably well worth paying. But then, in a George Edwardes production, the play is not the thing. It is almost the only thing that isn't. The popular favourites are the most important feature. Those secured, nothing else matters so very much; but good songs and good dances and good scenery, and other minor matters, are all sought and obtained. The play itself, however, is quite commonly forgotten until the last moment, and has to be sent out for in haste just as the first-nighters are beginning to collect at the doors. There will be an accident over this some day.

The musical comedy, as invented and made indispensable to civilised existence by George Edwardes, has had a strange history, which can scarcely yet be seen in its true perspective. But some points are clear enough. It made its appearance a dozen years ago, being a prominent feature of one of those mysterious waves of crime which sweep over the country every now and then. Since then it has run a devastating course, mowing down all that stood in its path, trampling on all the playwrights, crowding the workhouses with exponents of the legitimate drama, and reducing all conscientious dramatic critics to unutterable despair. Plots are supposed to have been formed against the life of George Edwardes by bands of desperate men who deluded themselves with the belief that the dagger which found the heart of the manager of Daly's would sever the trammels with which the theatre-going public is bound. But it should be realised that the success of George Edwardes is due to his having found out for the public what is really wanted.

Yet they say—and the subject of these remarks is inclined to agree with them—that the era of the musical comedy is drawing to an end. Everything grows stale, even that last and most remarkable form of dramatic art which has grown up and flourished under the direction of George Edwardes.

He is fond of horses, and runs them with no small success. He is a good chess player, and by no means bad at bridge. Each of his twenty companies costs £350 a week, and at Daly's he has had to make £1,200 a week to pay expenses.

It is not the least use your talking. If he says it must be cut, it has to come out. He is a very Napoleonic manager.

"The Guv'nor"

GROOTE SCHUUR

THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF "DR. JIM"

View of Groote Schuur: The home of the late Cecil Rhodes, and official residence of the Premier of Cape Colony

Situated near Cape Town, amid magnificent scenery, Groote Schuur, both inside and out, is a faithful reproduction of an old colonial Dutch farmhouse. A photograph of the present occupier, Dr. Jameson, who is now in England, will be found in our "People of Interest" pages

Photos by *Shelley*

Groote Schuur: The Billiard Room

The two shells seen in the foreground were addressed to Mr. Rhodes, Kimberley, by the Boers early in the war. The small flag, combining the star and crescent of the East with the Union Jack, and hanging from the bookcase, at the end of the room, is the ensign of the Cape to Cairo railway

Groote Schuur: The Hall, showing interesting example of Old Dutch China Cabinet and Vases

Mr. Rhodes disappointment must have been great when the house, on which he had lavished so much care, was burnt to the ground. Yet, with a similar determination to that which fired Carlyle, when the MS. of his "French Revolution" was burnt, he set to work to rebuild Groote Schuur all over again, exactly as before

Photos by *Shelley*

Groote Schuur: The Dining-Room, showing portrait of the mother of the late Mr. Rhodes

This photograph shows some admirable examples of Dutch chairs of the early eighteenth century, while the tables, cabinet, and tapestry carry out the scheme richly and harmoniously. The use of Groote Schuur as the residence of the Premier assures the building, stored with memories of the great Empire-maker, as interesting and historic a future as it had beginning

KNIGHTS OF THE BACKSTAIRS

By CHARLES C. BELL

Whene'er I take my walks abroad, after dusk, in Suburbia's highways and by-ways, I meet many loving couples. I have made a prolonged and careful study of them, and my observations as to their habits and customs would fill a book. They are either "walking out," or "keeping company," or "engyged." In the last and most advanced stage of their courtship, they adopt a method of progression technically known as "waisting" — pronounced "wysting." Thus, with an arm of either linked round the waist of the other, they promenade in silence. Either their hearts are too full for words, or they have used up all the available sources of conversation during the preliminary stages of "walking out" and "company keeping." I often overhear scraps of conversation between those who have not, as yet, reached the Nirvana of heart-fullness or boredom, as the case may be. What do they talk about? So far as my eavesdroppings and observations have gone, I have only been able to discover one subject on which they converse. It is "She." Now "She," in this connection, is neither the cat's grandmother nor the heroine of Mr. Rider Haggard's thrilling romance. The pronoun denotes, without the slightest risk of ambiguity, the female employer of Jane, Martha, Harriet, or Sarah. Chivalry necessitated the existence of dragons; and with their extinction, chivalry, in its original form, disappeared. But Jane, Martha, Harriet, and Sarah presuppose chivalrous instincts in Tom, Bob, John, and Dick. They like them to take their part. There must, therefore, be a foe against whom part can be taken. "She" is the normal foe of the cook-general, the housemaid, the parlour-maid, and the "between-girl"; and, from her tyranny and injustice, Jane, Martha, Harriet, and Sarah turn to their trusty knights, Tom, Bob, John, and Dick.

"She sez to me, she sez, 'What d'ye mean by doin' that?' Please, mum, I sez, I thought yer'd want it done. She picks me up that sharp and nasty, 'Well, yer've no right to think,' she sez."

In the first flush of their wooing the knights, with their evil-smelling cigars sticking out of the corners of their faces, are inclined to be sympathetic.

"She wouldn't say that twice ter me," says Tom.

"I'd give 'er the rough side of my tongue if I 'ad 'er for five minutes," cries Bob.

"Beazly shime!" ejaculates John, a swain of few words.

"Yer should jus' let me come roun' and 'ave it out with 'er for yer!" vaunts Dick, in the absolute confidence that he will not be taken at his word, and that his offer will merely be repeated to Jane, Martha, Harriet, and Sarah as an evidence of his superiority as a knight.

It is more than possible that Dick's valour will eventually be put to the test. He, in company, may be, with John, will go "slopping." Now, "slopping" is another technical term which needs a certain amount of explanation. It connotes a surreptitious visit to the kitchen of the house where, for the time being, Sarah, and perhaps Martha or Harriet, are domiciled. "She" is out for the evening, and the knights, having watched her departure from the corner of the street or square, creep stealthily down the area steps. Full soon are they seated round the kitchen table, doing ample justice to the dragon's cold beef and pickles. Later, Dick produces his banjo, and, the while Sarah reclines her head upon his manly shoulder, bleats forth a popular song. The whole party join amorously in the chorus—

> You are moy 'unny, 'unnysuckle,
> Oi am the bee;
> Oi'd loike ter sib the 'unnysweet
> From those red lips yer zee;
> Oi luv yer deely, deely, an' Oi wants yer to luv me,
> You are moy 'unny, 'unnysuckle,
> Oi arm thur bee.

—and again—and again, double fortissimo——and ag—g————!!! A sudden shriek of dismay from Harriet rends the air!! All turn their eyes to the door. There, opera-cloaked, and with grim wrath upon her countenance, stands "SHE." The silence is pregnant with fate. And of the knights, Dick is the first to push Sarah roughly from his knee, and shamble crestfallen and knock-kneed out of the kitchen, and up the area steps.

Sarah will walk no more with Dick. Harriet, although she will continue to go out with John, will reduce him to the ranks; that is to say, there will be no more "waisting" for many a night to come. I shall meet them walking, a yard apart, in silence, broken now and again by scathing rebukes from Harriet.

"Well, I do think yer might 'ave stuck up for me, seein' as yer know'd yer'd got me the sack."

"There ain't no manner of confidence to be placed in a young chap who tells a girl 'e loves 'er, an' then deserts 'er when she's in trouble. You needn't come no more," she remarks tersely, when they get to the corner. And John slouches off submissively. But experience teaches him not to take Harriet *au pied de la lettre*. He knows that she will meet him surely enough on her next night out.

She will flounce into the kitchen and subside into a chair, weeping.

"I've give 'im up," she will explain to the cook. But, at her leisure, she will repent, and send him word by the milkman to be sure not to forget Tuesday night.

"A MAN AND HIS WIFE"

A MODERN PLAY DEALING WITH THE ETERNAL STORY OF HUSBAND, WIFE AND LOVER, WHICH WAS PRODUCED AT LIVERPOOL LAST WEEK, AND RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM. IT WILL BE PRODUCED IN LONDON SHORTLY

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

ELEANOR (to HILLYER, who makes a remark respecting Drage): "I know you are a very silly boy this afternoon"

Eleanor (Miss Nina Boucicault), an impressionable Australian girl, marries Roger Ainslie (Mr. C. Aubrey Smith), a speculator in mines, who brings her to England. She meets many of her husband's old friends, including Sir Noel Drage (Mr. C. M. Hallard), with whom she falls in love, and Lord Francis Hillyer (Mr. E. H. Kelly)

"A MAN AND HIS WIFE"

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

"How dare you lend money to my husband?'

Eleanor Ainslie is angry with her lover, Sir Noel Drage

"MR. GEORGE FLEMING'S" PLAY PRODUCED LAST WEEK

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

DRAGE (to HILLYER): "May I ask what the devil you mean by talking such stuff to me?"

Sir Noel Drage, the lover, who is eventually killed in Australia

"A MAN AND HIS WIFE"

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

ELEANOR (to DRAGE): "Oh, tell him it is simple madness for him to think of going to the mine"

Ainslie and his wife, accompanied by Drage, return to Australia, and Ainslie then realises that his wife and Drage are lovers. There is a mine near by flooded, and Ainslie, considering this a good opportunity to free his wife, decides to undertake the work of rescue. As a matter of fact, it is Drage who loses his life, and Ainslie and Eleanor become reconciled

HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

By MRS. CANDY PEEL

The great fault of most of the existing books on housekeeping is that they assume a certain amount of knowledge of the subject in the reader which is in many cases wanting. The following hints, it is hoped, will prove invaluable to the inexperienced housekeeper, who, although forced to be content with a small allowance, yet wishes to be "smart" and "up to date." This week I propose to deal with THE BATH ROOM and THE VISITOR'S ROOM.

THE BATH ROOM

This room should contain a bath, fitted with two taps, one marked "hot" and the other "cold." On turning on both these taps at once, a tepid bath is the result, often an agreeable change from the monotony of the hot or cold *pur et simple*. Between these two taps (which are usually at the window end) there is a knob marked "waste," on pulling up which the water in the bath will slowly subside. I go into these details because I think that every lady who has the care of a house ought to have the necessary knowledge of delicate machinery like that of a bath, which is easily learnt in a few days.

Some hostesses provide a large square of cork for stepping on when emerging from the bath, the result being that the feet of the bather are kept about an inch off the floor. A small floating library is a great luxury in the bathroom, and should contain such works as "The Water Babies," "The Sea Lady," "On the Face of the Waters," and a good contour map of "Bath and its Environs."

THE VISITOR'S ROOM

The visitor's room should always contain a bed, for it is upon this that the visitor will sleep. Some hostesses also provide a chair and a washhand stand. A writing table is a great comfort to a guest, and should contain blotting paper, nails, wax, a hammer, stamps, dumb-bells, wafers, corkscrew, tin-opener, skate-key, and all the hundred and one little things that tend to make a guest's stay a happy one. Many hostesses also provide a small side table, on which is placed lemonade, bottled ale or stout, and a little tin of biscuits, which are left in the room all night. The wash-hand stand is generally provided with jugs of water, which stand in basins made to match the jugs. It is into these basins that the water is poured when the visitor desires to wash. A soap dish is nearly always provided in good houses, and is very often of the same ware and pattern as the jugs and basins already mentioned. An ingenious arrangement for holding towels is sometimes attached to the washhand stand.

OUR SHORT STORY

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF COLIN

By RAFAEL SABATINI

Colin Hartington came back to England to find himself famous.

He had left home four years before, giving out that he was going abroad for pleasure—the pleasure, scandalmongers had it, being that peculiarly immoral delight which some men find in the evasion of clamorous and insistent creditors.

He had done himself fairly well, had Colin Hartington, in the three years that lay between his coming of age and his abrupt departure from England. He had done a little—a very little—work; made a little love, and spent a little money—the little, in this last case, being all that had been left him by the none too wealthy gentleman who had had the honour of being his father.

Abroad he had worked. Lacking the means to pursue an enjoyable idleness—and there are few things more costly—he turned to the cultivation of the gifts he unquestionably possessed, but which he seemed to prefer in their latent condition. He had sent his work home. It had found a ready market, grown in value, and, in four short years, brought him enough fame to turn the head of any ordinary young man of twenty-seven. But, then, Colin was not an ordinary young man, and success left him cold and unchanged.

In a measure, perhaps, it straightened out that moral obliquity of his, touching his debts—but only in a measure. Some of the smaller ones he paid. Some of the larger ones he forgot—if, indeed, we may be allowed to use the term where accident had no part. And so it happened that a few of his creditors who had hailed his triumphs and his home-coming as the heralds of a settlement, discovered that they had "run before their horse to market."

Some went the length of beарding him with their claims, but he wriggled and slipped through their hands just as he wriggled and slipped through everything else that was unpleasant.

He was sorry—there were at times tears in his voice when he protested it—he was desperately sorry for the inconvenience they might be suffering, but he besought them—and here his accents would grow seductive as a syren's—to give him time. He had nothing to speak of, and if they pressed him they would only disgrace him to no purpose; whilst if they waited until he should have earned something, he would satisfy them. Fame was his. In the wake of Fame, Fortune has at times been known to journey. Let them give him a chance, and they would see. He was not quite specific concerning *what* they would see, and the last thing they thought themselves likely to see was their money, but—realising perhaps how feeble a reed is the law for the creditor—they consented to wait.

And whilst those poor creditors waited, Colin Hartington spent his not inconsiderable earnings with that jovial recklessness characteristic of his happy-go-lucky nature.

How long this atrocious state of things might have prevailed, but for the intervention of Mary Escott, there is no saying with any degree of certainty, though—by basing a presumption of the future upon our knowledge of Colin's past—we might hazard a guess that it would have prevailed until a second flitting from England became imperative.

She, however, was destined to work his metamorphosis, arresting his progress along the road of unconscious dishonesty that leads to perdition in the abstract and the County Court in the concrete.

In the years of his adolescence Colin had been very fond of Mary. There had been certain tender passages between them, and the budding of a love which Colin's financial shortcomings had cruelly nipped. Abroad he learnt that she had married. At the news he had sighed prettily, and smiled with fond, retrospective amusement—for he had known one or two other, and even greater, passions since that which Mary had inspired.

Later, he had heard that her husband was dead, and this time he had sighed perfunctorily and without smiling, believing himself genuinely affected by the mental picture he drew of her widowhood. Thereafter he had forgotten her, which, platitude-mongering cynics tell us, is human nature's vile way.

And now of a sudden he came face to face with her again. It was at a regimental ball in his native town of Stollbridge, and the Colonel's wife had hustled him across and presented him as the lion of the hour. They had smiled upon each other the quiet smile, fraught with never so little sadness, of souls stripped of their illusions.

The Colonel's wife had withdrawn, and Colin, seating himself beside her, was scribbling hieroglyphs on her dance-card with a clumsiness that would never have led you to suspect that things he wrote were worth something like sixpence a word.

Then he looked at her intently for a moment

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and—"Molly," he whispered, "how beautiful you have grown."

The genuineness of his accents robbed the words of all vestige of impertinence.

"Colin," she mocked back, "how clever you have become!" And they laughed together. "Tell me," she added, "how does it feel to be a lion?"

"One longs for the mouse to come and gnaw the cords, and allow one to get up and stretch oneself."

She knit her brows.

"What an artificial speech!"

"Believe me, it describes an artificial condition."

"Why do you talk like that?"

"Oh, it's expected of me, I suppose, and it expresses exactly what I mean when I refer to the cords that bind one, and the stretching of the limbs so devoutly desired."

"I have read your books, Colin," said she after a pause.

"Can you see anything in them to justify their existence?"

"I can see you in them, Colin. They reflect you constantly. They sound like you."

He flushed with pleasure.

"No? Do they though?" Then his voice dropped to a more feeling key. "Molly, I am glad at last that I wrote them. I never thought very much of my work, but if it served to bring me to your memory it has not been wasted."

His great blue eyes were bent upon her ardently. She laughed, and set herself to sway her fan gently.

"Please don't stare at me like that, Colin," said she. "People are looking at us."

But Colin was not to be repressed. The old feelings that had died four years ago were in course of being resuscitated. Love is a flame difficult of re-ignition where once it has been quenched; but let that re-ignition take place, and its blaze is all-consuming. Colin was realising this. More fully still did he realise it when two hours later—towards the close of the evening—he found himself again beside her, in the conservatory, where there were no prying eyes to restrain him, and where with impunity he might gaze at her as he listed.

He fed his glance upon the perfect curve of her white throat, the glistening masses of her ebony hair, and in the clear depths of her dark eyes his soul at last was drowned. His hand closed upon hers. His fine, foolish young head was bent until he felt her hair upon his cheek.

"Molly," he stammered, "I—I love you."

She moved her head away. The action seemed in the nature of a rebuff, but the soft seductive laughter that rippled from her lips counteracted what effect it might have had upon hot-headed Colin. He read in it a challenge, and, answering it, his arm was about her in an instant, and he was seeking to draw her to him. But she broke from his clasp, and, pushing him forcibly back, she stood up suddenly. She no longer laughed; she was breathing quickly, and her tone was one of stern rebuke.

"Colin, how could you dare?"

Colin sat morally crushed and defeated where a moment before he had tasted the joyous anticipation of victory. He felt extremely foolish, and for that feeling he was exceedingly annoyed both with himself and with her. It now became a matter of extricating himself from a position that he felt was decidedly undignified. A retreat, he realised, must be more ignominious still; therefore he determined to push on.

"What have I dared that should offend you?" he demanded in accents of beautifully modulated aggrievance. "Is it an offence to tell a woman that you love her?"

She made as if to answer, but before she had time he was on his feet, close beside her, and speaking very fast.

"There are some things in life that endure as long as life itself, things that we cannot blot out, strive as we may. My love for you, Molly, is one of those things. When, four years ago, I left England, you cannot dream how it hurt me to go from you. But I hoped—I—I don't know what I hoped. Then I heard abroad of your marriage, and I was crushed—broken-hearted we scribblers call it. Then later came the news of your widowhood, and in my selfishness—for love is an egoist, Molly—I was almost glad of it. Success came to me at last, and, thinking ever of you, I determined to come home and ask you—as I ask you now, Molly—to do me the honour of becoming my wife."

Her attitude during that lengthy address of his had been forbidding in the extreme. But when he brought it to a close with the offer of his hand and name, a change seemed suddenly to be wrought in her. She bent towards him, and on her face he might have read surprise and wonder, and some pleasure too—or perhaps it was amusement. You see, she knew him so very well.

"Molly," he cried, and put forth his arms. But she drew back. Someone had entered the conservatory.

"Come and see me to-morrow," she murmured, and, slipping her hand through his arm, she compelled him to lead her back to the ballroom.

When he reviewed the scene in the sober light of the succeeding day, Colin was not a little surprised at himself. He had made a mistake, and to avoid offending her he had covered up his tracks by lying like a gentleman and asking her to marry him—than which nothing could have been further from his desires. Pursuing his reflections, however, he realised that he might do very much worse than become her husband, and that the business with which he now felt himself in honour bound to go through need not really daunt him. He came to the conclusion—among others—that it was just by such accidents of a momentary concession to the emotions that half the world's matches were made.

In the afternoon he called upon her. She received him as if there had been no such scene as that of the night before, and, seating him in a wicker chair, she gave him tea under the shade of the beeches on the lawn.

He realised that he had never felt so nervous and so ill at ease in the whole of his chequered, young life. He dissembled it as best he could, sipped his tea, and talked small talk in his best manner. Her

"Good Lord, Molly, we are not discussing religion"

"I am not so sure," she replied. "We are discussing what appears to be your religion—that of leaving your just debts unpaid"

admirable self-control gradually thawed him, and at length, as he set down his cup, he opened fire.

"Molly, I have come for my answer."

"Answer?" Her eyebrows went up, and her eyes looked at him in childlike surprise.

"To my last night's—er—question," he enlightened her.

Her glance fell, and became absorbed in the white shapely hands folded in her lap.

"You were in earnest then?"

He mumbled some triteness touching the earnestness of a subject that entailed a lifetime of devotion. He attempted to tell her how much she was to him; failed in a masterly manner, and broke down with a touching suggestion that no words could give adequate expression to his feelings.

"You do me a great honour, Colin. I—I never thought that you felt that way."

"How could you mistake me," he cried reproachfully.

"Before I answer you, Colin," she said disregarding his outcry, "there is something that I must say to you. You see I am not a foolish, young girl, ignorant of life and its ways. Marriage has taught me a certain worldly wisdom which prompts me—cold and sordid though it may appear—to remind you that your reputation is in rather a bad way, and requires mending."

"My reputation?" he cried, aghast. She nodded.

"But what can anyone say about it? I have only been a week or so in England, and during the time I can assure you that my circumspection has been in every sense above reproach."

"Yes, yes, I know all that. We are at cross-purposes perhaps. I refer to your debts."

"Oh!" said Colin, and his jaw fell. She had struck the weak spot in his armour.

"You don't deny them?"

"Not much use denying them," he answered sorrowfully. "Besides, it might drive my creditors to extremes," he added whimsically.

"You speak with a levity that hurts me, Colin."

"Good Lord, Molly, we are not discussing religion."

"I am not so sure. We are discussing what appears to be your religion—that of leaving your just debts unpaid."

"But, my dear child," he protested, "this is absurd. Where is the man that is without them?"

"In moderation, perhaps."

"Moderation? And does anyone dare to suggest that mine are immoderate?"

"I do."

"Oh, I say; come now. A few thousands would clear them all up."

"Why not clear them up then?"

"Because—Oh well, because I haven't got thousands enough."

"But you might pay at least the most important ones. You have surely the means of doing that. Really, Colin, it hurts me to discuss such a subject with you, but I do so because, knowing you as I do, I feel that you do not realise the dishonesty of your behaviour."

"Dishonesty?"

"It has never occurred to you that it amounts to that, has it?"

Colin got up. He felt that she was going rather too far.

"Look here, Molly. What on earth are we talking about? I am sure I didn't come here to discuss my debts."

"I am quite sure you didn't. It's a subject you avoid discussing, or even thinking about, I know. But it seemed to me that after what you said last night, I had a right to go into it. People are talking about it, Colin, and, even if they were not, I could never consent to listen to the advances of a man who deliberately refuses to pay what he owes."

"But I don't deliberately refuse. On the contrary, I intend to pay."

"You *intend!* If you intended anything of the sort, you would make a beginning. But, there, Colin, you know my feelings now, and until you make an attempt to mend your ways you need not come near me."

Colin stood looking at her a moment rather sheepishly. Then he dropped back into his chair.

"My debts," said he deliberately, "are very much overrated, no doubt, by those people who do me the honour to discuss my affairs. I have really only one formidable debt. The others amount to, perhaps, a thousand or so in all. I'll settle those to-morrow, and clear up the other one—the big one—as soon as I can comfortably manage it. Will that convince you of my good intentions?"

"How much does the big one amount to?" she asked implacably.

"About six thousand."

"Heavens, Colin, how did you contrive it?"

"Well, you see, they were my father's solicitors, and they advanced me money—about ten thousand—on stock that I inherited, and which I was holding for a rise. I was unlucky, and, instead of the expected rise, there was a most awful slump, which left me a debtor to the tune of about six thousand pounds to Wilfrid and Langdale. Sheer ill-luck, Molly."

"And you wish to leave such a debt—a debt of honour, practically—to be paid when you can comfortably manage it? Colin, I am ashamed of you."

"But what am I to do? If I were to scrape together all the ready money I can lay hands on, I might just manage to pay it."

"Then I think you should do so without a moment's hesitation. It is a sacred duty."

Colin hung his head, realising that she was quite right. It was a sad reflection. He raised his eyes, and they met hers. She smiled, and he told himself that, after all, she was very beautiful. To win her—even the effort, the sacrifice, she demanded would not be too much.

"Molly," he cried, "for your sake I will do it, however it may inconvenience me. But when it is done——"

"We will talk about that afterwards," said she.

In this manner was the metamorphosis of Colin effected, and thus was he prevailed upon to liquidate the heaviest portion of his liabilities, and abandon the careless ways he had trodden.

He posted a cheque to Wilfrid and Langdale, and

two days later he called upon Mary Escott with the receipt in his pocket, and a fever of anticipation in his soul—which he mistook for the glow of pride which is said to result from the performance of one's duty.

She received him with, metaphorically—and, alas, only metaphorically—open arms.

"My dear Colin, you have behaved nobly," she cried, "and I shall always dwell with pride upon the thought that I was instrumental in recalling you to a sense of your duty."

Colin looked askance.

"You know that I have paid Wilfrid and Langdale?" he faltered.

"Why yes. I had a letter from my husband this morning, telling me that he had received your cheque."

"Your husband?" he echoed with mouth agape.

"Yes. Mr. Escott, you know, is the present Wilfrid and Langdale—has been, for the past two years."

"But—but——" he stopped to stare at her. "Oh what are you talking about, Molly? Mr. Escott has been dead for over two years."

"Oh dear no, Colin. Surely *I* should know. You are thinking of Mr. Plunkett—my first husband."

For an instant he continued to stare at her with an expression not easily read, so many emotions seemed blended in it. Then, suddenly rousing himself—

"Good morning," said he, reaching for his hat.

Innuendo

HE: "Don't you see the joke?"

SHE: "Not if it's what I think it is"

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON LHASA, AN AGED PARSON, AND OTHER MATTERS

Ichabod!

Some day or the other Romance will, no doubt, bring up the 9 1 5 to Lhasa, but, in the meantime, most people are agreed that the Romance of that forbidden city is dead. The most disappointing thing about it is that—as a contemporary puts it—Lhasa exactly resembles the descriptions given of it by the travellers who have visited it. No one seems to have expected this blow.

A Traveller's Grievance

Travellers, meanwhile, are complaining that one of their chief means of livelihood has been taken away from them. They cannot obviously find any profit in voyaging to a country where, for all they know, they may at any moment come upon a notice board saying "Trespassers will be Prosecuted."

A Man of Peace

A short but spirited letter has been sent to the *Morning Post* by a correspondent. It concerns the Russian raids on our shipping, and opens as follows:—"Sir, I am an old parson, seventy-six years of age, and a man of peace, but I would despatch enough war vessels to send all the Russian cruisers in the Red Sea to the bottom if they interfered with British ships." It is a short but very spirited letter.

Other Examples

If only more newspaper correspondence were in this style! *e.g.*, "Sir, I am an aged clergyman, approaching my ninety-second year, and averse to capital punishment. But I would string up to the nearest lamp-post anyone treacherous enough to oppose the magnanimous reforms of our tariff system suggested by Mr. Chamberlain." Or—"Sir, I am a hundred and six, and teetotal rector of a large parish, but I would shoot at sight anyone proved guilty of tampering with the noble provisions of the present Licensing Bill." Such peacemakers are needed nowadays, when so much jingoism is abroad.

Where to Sleep

The warm summer seems to have confirmed what was already the conviction of all right-minded people, namely, that the last place for a man to sleep in is a bed. According to a writer in the *Strand Magazine*, the top of a haystack forms the best of couches—for those who can afford to live in the country. Other suitable dormitories can be formed out of (1) a sugar-barrel—cleaned if possible; (2) the bough of a tree, preferably forked; a dog-kennel—this should be unoccupied; or any dry ditch Some men have been known to sleep in a wheelbarrow; others in church.

A Necessary Precaution

The House of Commons is one of the worst of places to sleep in—owing to the imperfect ventilation and the exigencies of debate. Those who are compelled to pass their nights in town should try and sleep on their window-sills. Practice—as the proverb says—will soon make perfect, but care should be taken to make an agreement beforehand with the family undertaker, as it saves expense.

Pro Patria

It's an ill-wind—to quote another proverb—which blows nobody any good. The Colonel of Volunteers, who, while marching at the head of his regiment, was lifted by a hurricane and blown on to some rocks—at Conway—has the satisfaction of knowing that he may have given a valuable hint to military balloonists. Hitherto they have been disinclined to accept the "heavier than air" theory, but they can hardly continue in their error after this.

An Opening for Sub-conscious Young Ladies

Mrs. Campbell Praed has admitted to a special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* that "Nyria"—the heroine of her novel—used to dictate to her, "Nyria" being, of course, a modern young lady moving in excellent society as well as the Christian slave of Domitian's Rome. Mrs. Praed seems merely to have taken the words down on her typewriter. If there be more Nyrias about—as Mrs. Praed seems to think likely—there should be an opening for them, if authors would only advertise. We suggest: "Wanted.—Young Lady with Interesting Past. Greek or Roman preferred. Must be Christian, and used to speaking not more than forty words per minute. Hours, 9—6. Afternoon tea. Refs."

Mr. Churchill and Rats

Reporters are certainly taking too much upon themselves, if, as Mr. Winston Churchill maintains, they paraphrase such a remark as "Experience has dissipated these predictions" into the simple word "Rats!" On the other hand, Members of Parliament take even more upon themselves, if when they simply mean "Rats" they go the length of saying "Experience has dissipated these predictions." After all, "Rats" is good English, and the other isn't even good rhetoric.

A Seaside Post-card

Our special representative in Sunny Sopwich has sent us the following post-card: "It has been very bracing here for the last few days, and the No Hat League is receiving the support of the elements. Shrimps (from London)

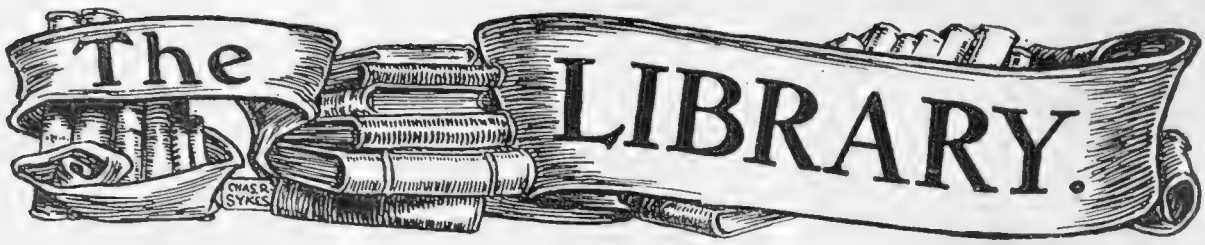
are cheap; and, provided the services of a local physician are at once called in, form an excellent dish during the warm weather. Char-a-bancs are running to a point on the coast where Julius Cæsar is thought to have contemplated a landing, and ginger ale may now be had at the cottage near by. There has not been a landslip so far this season, but the Mayor is doing everything in his power to ensure the prosperity of the town. A good deal of sensation has been caused by an accident to Sopwich's Strong Man, whose head was broken the other night upon the beach instead of the piece of granite which he supports upon it. The unfortunate man is going to sue the Company which supplies his outfit—on the ground that a real piece of granite was sent him by negligence. The Company will plead that it was a frustrated Act of Providence. It is reported that the Duchess of B—— bathed yesterday from a tent on the foreshore. Sopwich is certainly flourishing.

No Redress

It is rumoured that certain journals which make a point of answering any questions sent them by their readers are thinking of having the following reply set up: "No, Agricultural Labourer, we do not advise you to sue Mr. Chamberlain for 4½d. a week. Mr. Chamberlain's promise was based on a hypothesis which the law cannot recognise. Try knocking off a glass or two of beer instead." Free food journals of course. MINIMUS.

The Cream of Earthly Joys

SAIREY (in a burst of rapture): "Wouldn't it be fine, Jemimy, to 'ave millions and millions of pounds, an' 'ave dinners an' motors, an' on top of it all one o' them ice cream barrers?"



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court." By Catherine Bearne. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Garden of Asia." By Reginald Farrer. A picturesque study of Modern Japan. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Holland." Painted by Nico Jungman, with letterpress by Beatrix Jungman. (Black's Series of Colour Books: 20*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Coming of the King." By Joseph Hocking. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Lindley Kays." By Barry Pain. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Mr. Burden." By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Tavern Knight." By Rafael Sabatini. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

Books to Appear Shortly

The first number of Messrs. Jack's reprints of "The Lives of the Kings"—originally composed when the Tudors and early Stuarts were on the throne, and long since forgotten—will be ready in the early autumn. This will be Edward Hall's stately chronicle of Henry VIII., taken from his "Union of the Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and York," the human interest and measured dignity of which had a great fascination for Shakespeare. Though too eulogistic of "King Harry the Eighth" the work is of value to the student as the evidence of a witness who had a keen eye for the pomp and circumstance which were at once Henry's delight and policy. An introduction to the reprint has been written by Mr. Charles Whibley, who is editing the whole series.

Two interesting additions are to be made to Messrs. Black's series of "Pilgrimage Books" during the coming season—"The Dickens Country," by Mr. F. G. Kitton, who, of course, knows his subject by heart, and "The Hardy Country," by Mr. C. G. Harper, who wrote the companion volume on "The Ingoldsby Country." The other books in the series are "The Scott Country," by Mr. W. S. Crockett, and "The Burns Country," by Mr. C. S. Dougall. In the Hardy volume Mr. Harper says that he has not thought it necessary to exclude places simply for the reason that by some chance they have not found mention in the novels. Nor has he attempted to expound the novelist. "He, I take it, expounds himself."

Mr. Fisher Unwin gives us an interesting summary of one of "John Oliver Hobbes's" new novels, entitled "The Flute of Pan," which he hopes to publish this autumn. The heroine is an unmarried Princess, an absolute monarch of one of those kingdoms in Europe that keep more of the old romantic Court life, with its intrigues, its dangers, and its pleasures, than is possible in any of the capitals of the Greater European nations. The hero is an English nobleman, and distinguished soldier, who has a real genius for art:

He paints a famous picture which becomes known as "The Flute of Pan." The character of the Princess is unconventional and independent, the inevitable result of her position, because princesses, from the very fact of their position, must either be weak and under the influence of stronger minds, or they must themselves dominate the minds about them. There are no problems in the romance, but the question raised depends on the struggle which so often exists, especially in modern life, between love and pride, or rather between two prides. Who ought to surrender, the man or the woman?

Next month Messrs. Putnam will publish a new study of the theory of government by an American scholar, Mr. Sidney C. Tapp, whose object has been to show that the Anglo-Saxon race has, from the earliest time, possessed a just conception of free government by the people. Towards this he claims that the race has struggled through the ages until its present realisation in England and the United States. The title of his work is "The Story of Anglo-Saxon Institutions by the Development of Constitutional Government."

Grant Richards has just published a new novel by Rafael Sabatini—our short story writer of this week. In "The Tavern Knight" Mr. Sabatini has written a stirring tale of fighting, hair-breadth escapes, villainy confounded, and love crowned triumphant. The period he has chosen is that of Charles II.'s first bid for his throne, but beyond an episode of his escape after the battle of Worcester the story does not concern itself much with the history of the time, but rather with the private adventures of the Tavern Knight, a gaming, roystering, swearing soldier of fortune, with the seeds of honour and nobility in his character. The character drawing, both of the hero and the other persons of the drama, is far more convincing than in the generality of cloak and rapier fiction of the present day, and there are moments when one holds one's breath over a tip-toe escape, or hears the ring of steel and the stamp of feet during an exciting passage of arms. The threads of the plot hardly seem sufficiently gathered up at the end, but the story holds attention, and may be recommended to those whose tastes lie in the direction of costume romance.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

About War Correspondents

In the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* there is a timely and well-informed article on "The Rise and Fall of the War Correspondent." Whether the Japanese will crush the Russians or not may be still a moot question, but there is no doubt that they have suppressed the war correspondents. It is this fact that has suggested the article, in which the writer traces carefully the growth of war correspondence from the time of the Carlist War in 1837. Then, the *Morning Post* had a service of news supplied by a correspondent who, though not an eye-witness of any of the battles, was at least a news-gatherer close to the theatre of war. The real originator of war correspondence was the veteran Sir William H. Russell, still happily spared to us in a green old age, but the *Macmillan* contributor might not unreasonably have ante-dated the beginning of war correspondence, as Sir William was sent out by the *Times* in 1850, during the Danish War in Schleswig-Holstein, four years before his memorable exploits in the Crimea. Some interesting stories are given, but there is, perhaps, undue praise to a certain famous correspondent who has now passed away. One could tell many stories of him not entirely pleasant. He acted under the mistaken opinion that "no special correspondent can be a gentleman," and was sometimes at pains to prove this. As when, in the Franco-Prussian War, he got his account of an important engagement published a day earlier than that of a fellow-correspondent with whom he was messing, by agreeing with the latter—a good-natured Irishman—to snatch a few hours sleep, after their trying day, before they wrote their reports, and then sneaking out of the tent, as soon as he had seen his companion safely asleep, to write his brilliant battle picture by candle-light in the open, and get it despatched ere the sleeper awakened.

Photo by **Sir William H. Russell** [*Russell*

The *doyen* of War Correspondents, whose record includes the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, and American Civil War

Sir William H. Russell

"I was at its birth," Sir William Russell is reported to have said recently in talking of war correspondence. "Now I am at its graveside." This is true, for he has lived to witness so vital a change in military methods that the circumstances which, during his active career, ma e war correspondence an essential feature of journalism, have largely passed away. His old companion in many a journalistic embassy, the late G. A. Sala, bracketed his name with that of Florence Nightingale—who is still alive at the age of eighty-four—in respect to public services rendered during the Crimean War. In those days official reports were of the most meagre description, whereas in the late Boer War it would not have mattered much if there had been no correspondents in the field, so ample and vivid were the official despatches. But the Japs, however, have neither allowed the war correspondents to send news, nor have they issued satisfactory despatches. In one way they are not to be blamed, and I have a suspicion that the multitudinous gangs of ex-office boys who were shipped to Japan to represent the halfpenny Press have helped to bring this high function of the journalist into contempt. Between the mass of them and a man of such calibre as Sir William Russell, how impassable the gulf! Sir William is an Irishman, and originally studied for the Bar. One may doubt if there is alive to-day another man who has had one-fourth of his experience of "the great game." He was an eye-witness of all the important wars from the Crimea to the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. The latter years of his life he has spent in the less exciting occupation of editing the *Army and Navy Gazette*, which he founded before the American War. The records of journalism contain no career so full and varied as that which the *doyen* of special correspondents can look back upon.

The Late Mr. Davenport Adams

It was with great regret that I heard during my absence from town of the death of Mr. Davenport Adams, a journalist of the old school, the traditions of which, the extravagances of the newer journalism make one eager to cherish. Mr. Adams was still in the prime of life, although he had accomplished a vast amount of solid and conscientious work, and if his name is but little

known to the general public, there you have the reason! I am somewhat puzzled by Dr. Robertson Nicoll's reference to Mr. Davenport Adams, whose life he would seem to consider a hard and somewhat barren one so far as honour and monetary results were concerned, while he refers almost pathetically to the career of Mr. Adams's father, the late W. H. Davenport Adams a prodigious compiler of books. Yet I remember Dr. Nicoll saying that the latter used to make £1,000 a year "by sheer industry." Now, in most professions where brains are required, the majority of men cannot earn £1,000 a year unless by sheer industry, and I have known able men who earned a good deal less! Do not let us grumble about the rewards of the literary life; most of us are in it for the fun of the thing, and if we are interested in our work, as I am persuaded both the late Mr. Adams and his father were, that is a great matter. Mr. Davenport Adams has one unique claim to be remembered: for a quarter of a century, his name has been continuously advertised at the top of Messrs. Chatto and Windus's list of books as the author of "A Dictionary of the Drama: being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America from the earliest times to the present day. Crown 8vo. Half bound, 12*s.* 6*d.* *Preparing.*" Alas, he has died without seeing this long advertised work issued from the Press. There is something of pathos in this if you will.

Photo by *Elliot and Fry*

Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt

The well-known Sociologist, whose recreations include such diversified occupations as travelling, writing poetry, and breeding Arabian horses

Plutocrats of the Pen

Truly in literary as in commercial life things are not evenly divided. Grubb Street, I maintain, still exists, and not far away from it a newer Grubb Street, where a good deal of solid comfort is to be found, has grown up in our time; but the immense earnings of the minority of authors who have the luck—and it is largely a matter of luck—to become the pets of the public are apt to lead superficial observers into erroneous ideas of the literary life. "No more Grubb Street in these days," I find a misguided writer remarking in an American journal.

Our authors nowadays own their own golf links, as Richard Harding Davis does up at his beautiful estate between the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. Hamlin Garland goes Mr. Davis a point better and owns a gold mine in Mexico, where he has now gone to overlook the property. Irving Bacheller has gone with him, and may buy a gold mine of his own, as investment is the object of his journey. Among women writers Mary Johnston is rich by her pen alone; so is Mrs. Humphry Ward. Lew Wallace has an income of more than £10,000 a year from his pen.

I doubt if more than one of these writers will even be so much as a name to the next generation of readers; but meanwhile they are "having a good time," and as this American scribbler might say, "bully for them!" He writes badly enough to own a deer forest, far less a golf link.

Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt

Reference to my recent note on "Our Poets" reminds me that a correspondent has pointed out a very obvious error therein. I can only suggest that the great heat was responsible for my placing Mr. Wilfrid Blunt among the list of recently deceased poets instead of Mr. Henley, for I was quite as well aware that the former was alive as that, unhappily, the latter was dead. A reference to my original notes shows that the mistake had occurred in transcribing the lists. Let me, then, make reparation for my injustice to the vitality of Mr. Blunt by reproducing herewith his latest photograph. The work of this true poet is not, perhaps, very familiar to the great good-natured public that enables the writers of piffling stories to own their private golf links, but it has "fit audience found, though few." Mr. Blunt is a gentleman of property and a literary man only in the sense that during the last four-and-twenty years he has published several volumes of verse when inspired to production. To build up a literary reputation has never been his purpose for an instant, and one may hazard the suggestion that much of his poetry is autobiographical, written because it came. He has been in his time a great traveller, and knows the Orient intimately. His wife, Lady Anne Blunt, is the grand-daughter of Lord Byron, and she, too, has written with distinction. Their winters are usually spent in Egypt, where they have an estate. He is a curious mixture: a Socialist who owns 5,000 acres, he was a Tory Home Ruler in 1885, and a Liberal one in 1886, and was arrested in the winter of 1887 for having called a meeting in a proclaimed district of Ireland and imprisoned for two months in Galway and Kilmainham gaols. It was while in prison that he wrote "In Vinculis" on the fly-leaves of his prayer book. Mr. Blunt celebrates his sixty-fourth birthday today (August 17), so I am just in time to wish him "many happy returns" while removing his name from my obituary list!

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Well Done Willie Park!

Golf in these later years has produced many paradoxes, but none more startling than the one by which a Scottish professional has been converted into the owner of an English estate, the possession of which makes him the Lord of the Manor. This is the proud position of Willie Park at Huntercombe, and it is the outcome of years of sterling, honest, unremitting toil. No man in his profession has more worthily won the honours and rewards which have come to him than Willie Park. Like Tom Morris, Willie belongs to what I may call the professional aristocracy of golf, and both of them are shining examples to their brother professionals as showing what unblemished integrity, consummate ability, and unwearying assiduity can do for a man.

A Visit to Huntercombe

I had heard great accounts of Huntercombe, and was very anxious to give readers of THE BYSTANDER some description of it. By the courtesy of Willie Park and the Secretary of the Club, Mr. A. B. Robertson, I was enabled a few weeks ago to spend a most delightful golfing day on as fine a course as the heart of golfer could possibly desire. Huntercombe, as most golfers now know, lies on the top of the Chiltern Hills, about six miles from Henley. In old days it would have been practically impossible to start a golf club so far from the nearest railway station, and at such an inaccessible height, but the ubiquitous motor-car has solved all such difficulties, and the traveller from London is met on his arrival at Henley by one of the club's motor-cars, and is whirled up to Huntercombe through delightful scenery in a short half-hour. At present the club is housed in a comfortable farmhouse, while close by, in a clearing in a plantation, boring is going on for the purpose of finding water for the service of the future club-house.

The Conception and Formation of the Links

Willie Park first heard of the existence of the property early in 1900, and by the winter of that year a beginning had been made in the formation of the course. Luckily for the club, no sowing was found to be necessary; once the gorse bushes were cleared away the rich old turf soon asserted itself, and better turf for golfing purposes I have never found anywhere. In the spring of 1901 there was already a commencement of play, though the course was not really in proper order till the spring of the following year. Willie Park spared no time or trouble in laying out a really first-class course, and Stephenson, the professional of the club, told me that during the construction of the links Willie would often run up to Scotland to visit his home links at Musselburgh to get the proper idea for some particular hole, and be back again within forty-eight hours, such trips being repeated over and over again. It is amazing when one has played over the links to be told that the extent of ground dealt with for the purposes of the course only runs to 120 acres, and Willie might justly quote the famous inscription on Wren's tomb as a testimony to his own skill, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

Huntercombe Golf Links: The third green and bunker

Huntercombe Golf Links: The Seventh Tee

Details of the Course

There is nothing mean or paltry about this course. The total length of it is over 6,400 yards, but the holes are so well divided up that one does not notice any exceptional length. The hole which to my mind calls for particular commendation is the thirteenth, known as "Pandy," on account of the similarity of its green to its famous Scottish godfather at Musselburgh. Here two good shots will bring you within approaching distanc of a most cunningly constructed green. The green is on a narrow plateau, and is banked up on the player's side, so as to provide a splendid test of the running-up shot, unhappily so little called for in most inland links. On the further side a bunker runs the whole length of the green, so that a shot which over-runs the green finds a burial place on the other side. The proper way to play the approach is by a low pitch and run shot, the aim of the player being to pitch against the bank of the green, and just run up. It is a delightful consummation to a delightful hole, and has no parallel on any English course of which I know, while the turf on the putting greens is so excellent, and the ball runs so truly, that the goller who cannot putt or learn the art of putting at Huntercombe had better resign himself to the fate of never being able to putt at all.

Some Club Members

The club is already in a very strong position, and boasts of some very fine players, such as Messrs. Eric Hambro, Cecil Hutchison, and J. S. Worthington among its members. The air at Huntercombe is perfectly magnificent, and when the new club-house, with ample bedroom accommodation, is finished, Huntercombe will afford its many members a delightful week-end retreat far from the madding crowd of London.

Ernest Lehmann

The Thirteenth Green at Huntercombe: A splendid test of the running-up shot

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

A Marquis's Pullman Motor-Car

A good few motorists journeyed to Anglesey Castle on the occasion of the sale of the Marquis's motor-cars. Moderate prices were obtained, and the total realised was £1,890. A Lanchester fetched £360, a racing Panhard £300, while an electric brougham was practically given away for £52. The highest price, £825, was given by Mr. Kitchener, of Tritriw, North Wales, for a magnificent Mors car, which cost the Marquis £2,500 not many months ago. This car, which we illustrate, was the only one of its type ever built. The cost was not taken into consideration; the designer endeavouring to make the car as comfortable as a Pullman railway carriage

Petrol Rules the Waves

Not content with conquering our roads, King Petrol has now commenced to invade the sea, the last three weeks proving a veritable triumph for the motor-boat. The trials in Southampton Water proved great reliability, while the international race off Ryde showed speed—*Napier Minor*, the winner, averaging 20·55 knots, a very fair pace for a 35-foot launch. The interest aroused by these two events was doubtless, in a measure, responsible for the big attendance at the Cross-Channel race, which took place on August 8. The English and French Naval authorities, and the Automobile Clubs of both nations, attended the contest. The French *Mercédès IV.*, a 39-foot launch, was the winner, crossing the Channel in the splendid time of one hour seven seconds; *Napier Minor*, well handled by Mr. S. F. Edge, was a good second, and the Belgian *Princess Elizabeth* came in third.

The Marquis of Anglesey's Princely Mors Pullman Car

This car, which is of wonderful construction and magnificently upholstered, cost £2,500 not many months ago. At the sale of the Marquis's effects it fetched £825, being purchased by a local gentleman. It has, among other matters, a cabinet which transforms the interior into a stage dressing room, with mirrors and all the apparatus for "making-up"

England, France, and Belgium were the countries actually represented, but the Germans had the satisfaction of providing the engines for the first boat in.

Motor-Boats for the Handyman

The French Minister of Marine followed the race to Dover in a destroyer, and his presence suggests the possibility of a petrol torpedo launch for the Navy. Quick, quiet, if the motor is well baffled down, easily handled by a crew of three or four, they should prove a valuable addition to our fleet of sea hornets. Fancy the feelings of the captain of a man-of-war if he were torpedoed by a 40-foot launch bearing some such name as "Petrol," "Spark," "Sweet Lavender," "Pratt A," or "Backfire"!

Universal Lights

It is a matter of common knowledge that while the law compels all motors to carry a rear light, and to suffer a legal penalty if it even blows out unseen, yet carriages and carts are exempt from this salutary rule. The latter especially constitute a real danger at night, and a collision which happened about a week ago has called attention to this anomaly. A Panhard was approaching Hounslow about 12 p.m., when the car ran into the back of a market gardener's wagon, crawling along in the centre of the road, the driver in charge being asleep, or nearly so. The darkness of the night and a drizzling rain prevented those on the motor from seeing the wagon until they were right upon it. Fortunately, the car was not travelling fast, and beyond damaging the front of the motor no harm was done. It is really time that this glaring inconsistency was rectified. Every vehicle should be compelled to carry a tail lamp.

Petrol at Fourpence a Gallon

The Anapa Liquid Fuel and Petroleum Company is tempting subscriptions for £75,000 of Debentures, by offering interest at the rate of 166 per cent. per annum, 6 per cent. payable in cash, and the rest in kind—the kind being oil. After a few years' work the Company has resorted to this novel idea of raising money. The prospectus shows that the first five thousand subscribers for debenture stock are entitled to 500 gallons of petrol at fourpence per gallon, for each £10 subscribed. This really amounts to a saving of eightpence per gallon, and amounts to £16 13*s.* a year on the 500 gallons for each £10 subscribed, and makes the debenture interest total up to 166 per cent. This scheme seems too good to be true, but no doubt all owners of big cars, which do about ten miles on a gallon, will rush to present this generous company with the requisite ten-pound notes.

The Calais-Dover Motor-Boat Races: The French Boat, "Dalifal," the Winner of the Race for Fishing Boats
Great interest was attached to the races for the fishing boats, as utility is one of the strongest recommendations for the use of the motor-propelled boat. It was a happy coincidence that the winning boat should have been the only one with a lady on board

That Dust

In an interesting paper, read recently by Mr. E. Shrapnell Smith before the Conference of Municipal and County Engineers, it was stated that no less a number than 18,340 cars and 21,521 motor-cycles had been registered up to the end of June. This large and constantly increasing number of motor vehicles once more calls attention to the dust problem. Mr. E. Shrapnell Smith would remedy this by gradually relaying our roads with metal, which has been throughly soaked in tar,

Motor-Boats setting out on the Cross-Channel Race: The Starting Point in Calais Harbour

No less interest was shown at Calais than at Dover, and the dock sides and shore were crowded with people, while on the Dover piers large numbers of both French and English spectators were gathered to cheer the boats as they arrived

employing hardly any small binding material for the finishing of the surface. This is attacking the enemy at his base, and should prove much more effectual than merely treating, with some oil compound, the dust after it has been formed.

Ware Police

I have only three additions to my list, but I renew my promise, and will forward a copy of this paper for twelve weeks gratis to any motorist who is caught in a regular police trap, other than those already mentioned, provided that he will at once send me particulars of the trap for insertion in this column. Look up the last four numbers of THE BYSTANDER and

LOOK OUT

Between Bolton and Preston—just a mile short of Chorley Town Hall.

Near Bassett.

In the Birmingham suburbs.

The Winning Post: The Mark Boat off the Prince of Wales's Pier at Dover

The course was over a distance of twenty-five miles straight across Channel between the points seen in our two illustrations

The Calais-Dover Motor-Boat Race: The French Torpedo Destroyer "Durandel"

On which M. Pelletan, French Minister of Marine, crossed to Dover, to attend the dinner given by the Mayor of Dover, Sir William Crundall, in honour of the race

Answers to Correspondents

The following letter from a correspondent is, I think, interesting enough for publication.

DEAR SIR,—Could you give me some advice as to the chances of getting a job as driver to some gentleman. I am a gentleman's son, age 21, and an ex-pupil of the Hastings Electricity Engineer. I cannot afford the fees asked by the driving schools. I feel sure that I could give satisfaction, but the difficult part is to get the start. I have read that there is an opening for a better class of driver. Can you tell me if this is so? Apologising for troubling you.—Yours truly, C.T.

There is no doubt that it is difficult to get a reliable, trustworthy driver; subject to a business-like agreement, it may be worth while for owners to pick out a gentleman of this type and give him a little special training. What do my readers think? [His name and address will be forwarded on application.—EDITOR.]

E. S. WILMOT-SITWELL.—We have your letter; are going into the subject, and will give full particulars in our next issue.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

The Belgian Motor-Boat, "Princess Elizabeth," racing with a French Torpedo Destroyer

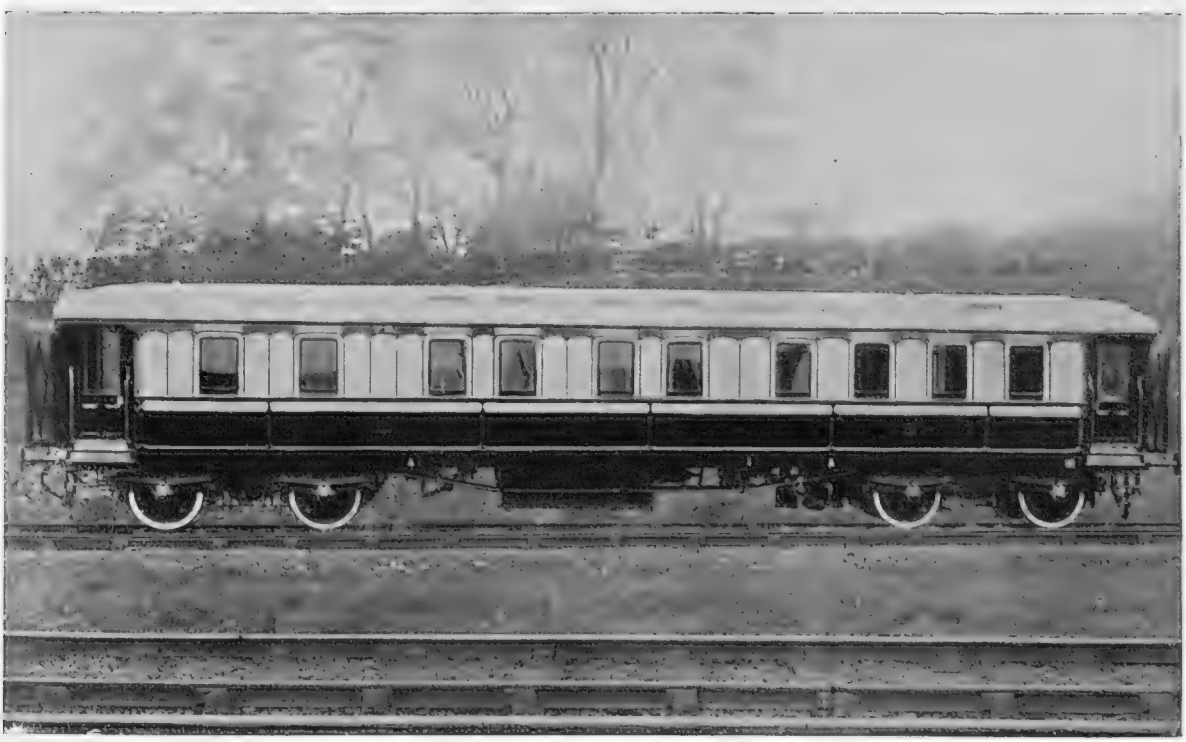
The *Princess Elizabeth* came in third, covering the distance in 1hr. 7min. 21sec., good time considering her length (24-foot). The destroyer experienced the utmost difficulty in keeping up with the smaller craft

BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN RAILWAY TRAVELLING: THE SALON DE LUXE

For years past the luxurious private railway car has been the monopoly of the American millionaire. British enterprise (persistently said by a certain excited faction to be dead or at least moribund) has now altered all this, and the magnificent car seen in our illustrations has been constructed by the London and North Western Railway Company for the use of private parties at the low minimum cost of ten 1st-Class fares. It is 57 feet in length, divided into separate compartments, and is beautifully upholstered and fitted with all modern conveniences. It is so constructed that for a day journey the two centre compartments can be formed into one very commodious "Salon," 17 feet in length and 8 feet in width, but if required for a night journey, a bed can be placed in each of the four compartments

One of the Bedrooms of the Salon de Luxe

The Commodious Day Compartments



Exterior view of the L. & N. W. R. new car for private parties, which commences a new era in railway travelling

ARCHERY: THE GRAND NATIONAL MEETING AT MALVERN

Shooting for the Gentlemen's Championship. Won by Mr. J. Penrose, with a score of 814

Crossing over to the Targets in the Ladies' Championship

The Shooting for the Ladies' Championship. Won by Miss Legh, of the Cheltenham Archers, with a record score of 841 for the two days

RACING AT KEMPTON PARK

The start for the Greenwood Handicap

This race, which was named after that well-known sporting journalist, the late Chas. Greenwood ("Hotspur" of the *Daily Telegraph*), was won by Pollion (W. Lane up), an 8 to 1 chance. Pollion's owner is Mr. George Edwardes, the subject of our "Concerning" this week (*see page* 608)

A possible favourite for next year's Derby.

Sir F. W. Griffith's Colt by Ladas—St. Ia, which won the International Breeder's Two-year-old Stakes, was ridden to victory by Maher who rode four winners on the same day. The form shown by the Ladas—St. Ia Colt predisposed several well-known followers of the turf to favour his chances in next year's Derby

BY LOCK AND WEIR.

End of the "Best Boat" Racing Season

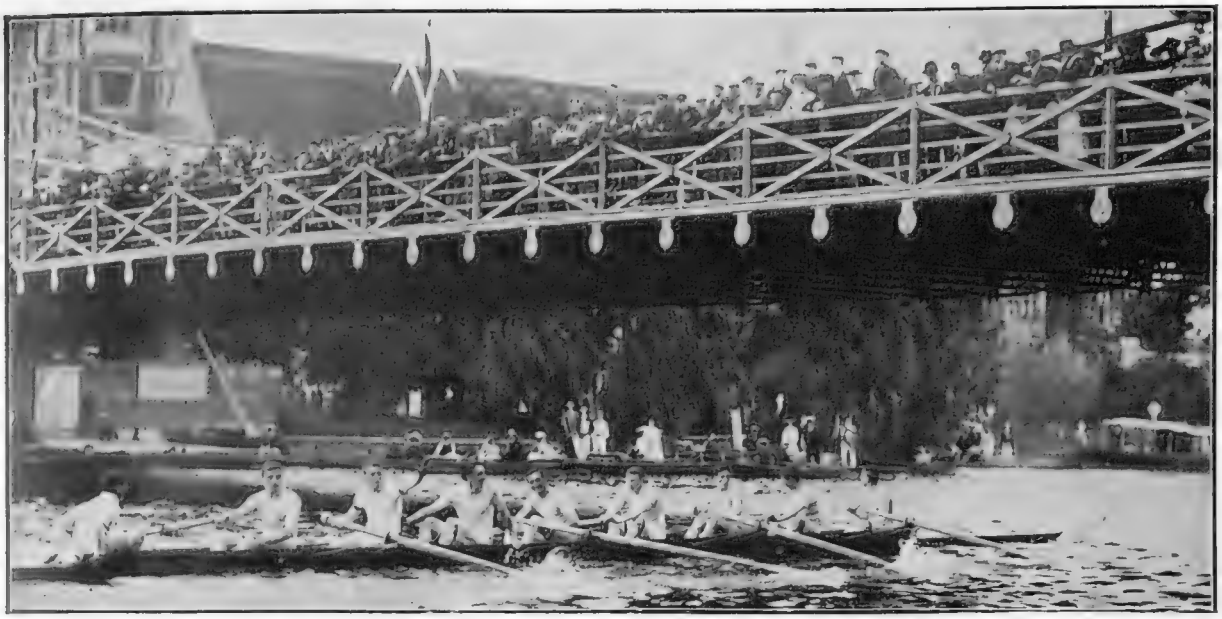
The Saturday following Bank Holiday saw a large and fashionable company at Marlow for the Regatta, which brings to an end the Marlow week, and at the same time marks the conclusion of the "best boat" racing season. Owing to the comparatively small number of scullers entered for the three sculling races, the entries on the whole were below the average, but some good racing was provided. The Maidenhead club, whose eight made a first appearance on the river this year, followed up their victory at Windsor by beating London in the Marlow Eights Challenge Cup. The Metropolitan crew should, undoubtedly, have reversed the decision of a week earlier, but in attempting to take Maidenhead's water they collided with their opponents and were subsequently disqualified. A good race in the Grand Challenge Cup resulted in London beating Broxbourne, and in the Town Challenge Cup, Reading, after a severe struggle, secured the trophy for the seventh time.

River Rowdyism

The genuine expressions of feeling evoked by the recent discussions on river rowdyism are conclusive evidence that the subject is one of real interest to river folk. A fortnight ago I exonerated the owners of private launches from blame, and, without wishing to condemn as a class those who have, as a rule, every consideration for others afloat, I must qualify my remarks by saying that there are exceptions. Only last week I saw one of the best equipped launches afloat on the Teddington reach come round to her moorings at such a speed that a punt in the vicinity was swamped, and a small sailing boat was nearly washed ashore. The fact is that a great many launch owners with fast boats do not realise how great a wash they cause, nor the damage which results therefrom, both to the banks and the craft afloat. Amidst the outcry against launches, one is apt to overlook the fact that there are other offenders, who, though not so dangerous to the public at large, are equally annoying. I refer, of course, to the casual boat hirer, who starts off in a skiff or punt without troubling to ascertain the ordinary regulations as to river traffic. Frequently one sees people, who should apparently know better, coming down stream close to the bank, and forcing everyone else out of their proper berth. It should hardly be necessary to explain that going up stream one may take either bank, but down stream one's place is in the centre of the river There is more excuse for mistakes in a narrow backwater, but a moment's reflection will tell anyone that the right bank is the side to keep. There is nothing more annoying when turning a corner sharply than to collide with a punt or skiff on its wrong side, and usually under these circumstances, if the wronged party offers a word of reproof, he is merely treated to a rude stare or a discourteous retort.

Photo by] **Marlow Church and Weir** [*Plumbe*

Literary river men will remember that it was at Marlow that Shelley lived in 1817



Marlow Regatta: Maidenhead win the Marlow Cup Eights by claiming a foul

Unnecessary Bathing Restrictions

It is three years or more since the temperature of the river has been anything like it is this year, and, as a consequence, a great fillip has been given to long-distance swimming. A good performance was recently achieved by three Kingston men, who started from Molesey Lock and swam down to Teddington, a distance of five miles. Bathing parties, which are said to be so fashionable at seaside resorts, are hardly possible on the Thames, owing to the restrictions of the Conservancy, which in many ways are too severe. Something more should certainly be done in the way of providing all-day bathing places, for, with proper regulations, these could be made of the utmost service to swimmers, without causing the least annoyance to boating parties.

Marlow Regatta: The Animated Scene on the Course

This year has been a record one for successful regattas, and Marlow, which marks the conclusion of the "best boat" racing season, though not favoured with quite the weather experienced by Henley and Molesey, brought the season to a close with a most successful day, both from a social and sporting point of view

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

[The Editor feels it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for Calpurnia's opinions. It is as well to give a fair contributor who feels she has a grievance the opportunity of giving vent to it occasionally. Such outbursts clear the air, if they do nothing else.]

Henrietta's Accusation

No, Henrietta, you are wrong. I am not "old and soured," and I do not find my chief pleasure in "exhibiting spite by tilting at imaginary grievances." My age, I imagine, is nobody's business but my own, but whatever it may be, I am not ashamed of it, and as for being "soured," although I have gone through as much trouble as most women, I find that the years, as they pass by, bring more and more compensation with them, so that at middle age (I acknowledge to that, Henrietta) I find life more interesting and pleasurable than I did in the days of my youth. I would not willingly change the tranquil life which I now enjoy, full of the interests I have created for myself, for the excitements of youth, when there was a great deal of joy, but a great deal of unrest mixed with it. One has ambitions and hopes in youth, most of which are unrealised in after-life, but one learns in time to relinquish the exorbitant demands which youth makes of fate and to be satisfied, and even happy, with life as it is mapped out for one, and I hold that a middle-aged woman of sufficient fortune to be independent, and, above all, with resources in herself, has no reason to envy anybody in the world.

A Contented Life

What are the secrets of a contented and happy life in the circumstances I have named? It may be of interest to try and answer that question in this paper. I will say nothing of religion, nor of definite work on behalf of those less fortunate than ourselves. We should all agree that those are the most important causes of happiness, and some people might say further that they were so all-important that nothing else mattered in the least. Perhaps this may be so with a few, but they would be the very few, for the great majority of women have social and family ties which are not to be neglected, and, to speak generally, most of us live in the world and not out of it, so that there remains a large part of life to be considered which is not occupied with religious and charitable duties. It is this part of life of which I intend to write.

Social Intercourse

If I were asked what was the chief pleasure in life, I should say social intercourse, which would include our home life with those bound to us by ties of blood, as well as our dealings with personal friends and with those acquaintances who are less than friends but not strangers, and, lastly, with those whom one meets in society, who touch one's life at a point, perhaps stimulate or freshen one's thoughts, but have no further part in one's existence. Now, every pleasure in life that is worth cultivating has its danger, and the danger of social intercourse comes when the wrong set of people are put first. That is why there is so much that is hollow and unsatisfactory in modern society—because people think it of more importance to make acquaintances than to make, or even to keep, friends. Of course, it is pleasant to meet fresh people occasionally, but it is a pleasure that cannot compare with the intercourse of true friendship, and the woman who is always on the look out for fresh fields to conquer is really giving up the substance for the shadow, and cannot expect to find contentment in her pursuit, though she may get a certain amount of pleasurable excitement to last her for a time.

An Aphorism

If you want to be happy and contented in middle and old age, make much of your friends, and take your acquaintances as they come, and, above all, shun social ambition. This advice I feel to be so important that I have given it this paragraph to itself.

Household Duties

Then of the minor occupations and interests of life. I suppose most women like to busy themselves about their homes. Household duties, whether they are those of the woman of small means who does a good deal for herself which women who are richer leave to their servants, or are limited to the oversight of the domestic machinery and the beautifying of the house, ought never to be irksome. And they never will be irksome if they are set about in the right way. The chief word here is regularity. Let your duties, whatever they may be, be the first thing to be done every day. The duties themselves will be carried out with more thoroughness, and the times of leisure will gain added delight.

Occupations

Books, music, needlework, painting—most of us spend a great part o our indoor lives in one or other, or perhaps, all these pursuits, and in all there is a way of heightening the pleasure that we can obtain from them. More especially is this so with books. We ought to cultivate system in our reading, not in a hard and fast way, so that we shall eschew altogether the last new ephemeral book that all the world is talking about, but so that the last new ephemeral book shall no be the *only* one we ever think of reading. Some wise woman, I have forgotten who, once said "When a new book comes out I read an old one." A very good rule—if she read the new one too. At any rate, we ought to read the old books more, and if we do I am sure that our appreciation of the new ones will be increased. Well, I have travelled far from Henrietta and her somewhat bitter attack upon me. It does not trouble me much, but I really don't think I am "soured."

CALPURNIA.

[*The Editor will be pleased to publish photographs of Volunteer Regiments if particulars approved of by the Commanding Officer or Adjutant are forwarded.*]

The Northumberlands in Camp

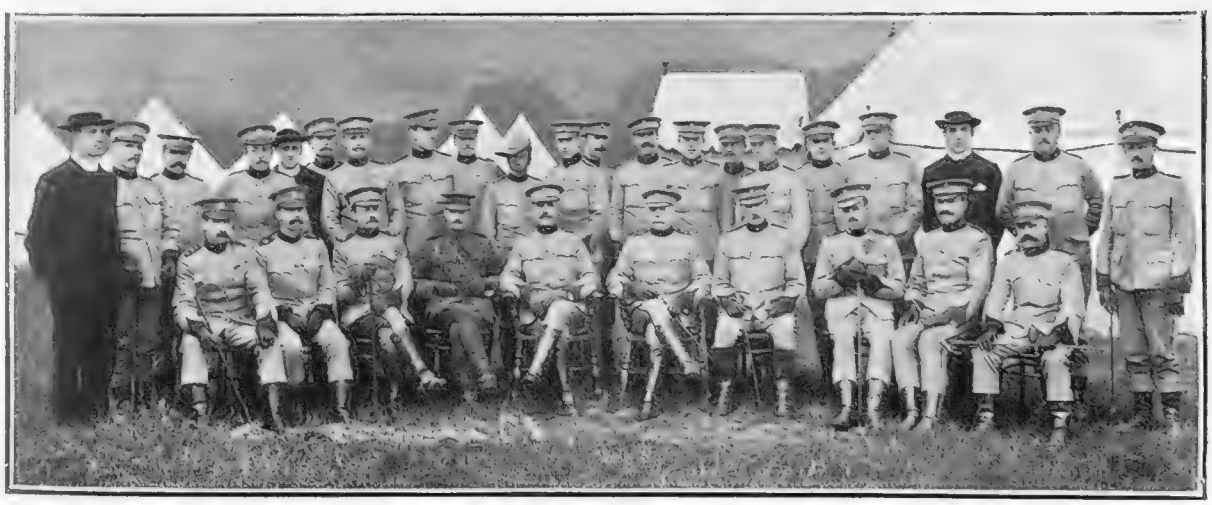
Wherever one goes just now the Volunteer is ubiquitous. He is in camp in all parts of the country, becoming efficient, and undergoing with cheerfulness the hard work indispensable to a life in camp.

The Camp of the "Fighting Fifth" at Castleton, Derbyshire

A Strategic Point: Officers examining a map of the locality while out manœuvring

The "Fighting Fifth" has lately been encamped at Castleton, Derbyshire, where the regiment has earned the well-deserved praise of Lord Algernon Percy, the Brigadier in command of the Tyne Volunteer Infantry Brigade, for its excellent and workmanlike conduct. The photographs we publish were taken at Castleton.

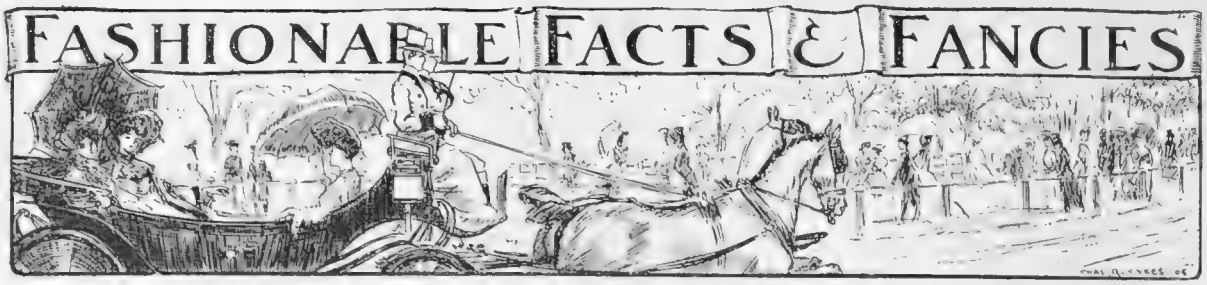
Northumberland stands thirteenth in precedence of counties in the Volunteer Force, and the 1st Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers is the senior regiment in the county. It is one of the few Volunteer regiments which has maintained its numerical strength in both officers and men since the war in South Africa. The headquarters are at Hexham, and the present strength is over 1,200, including forty-six commissioned officers. The Commanding Officer is Lieutenant-Colonel (Hon. Colonel) Wilfrid Gibson, V.D., who has seen thirty-eight years service in the battalion, and the second in command is Lieut.-Colonel (Hon. Colonel) L. C. Lockhart, V.D., who has served forty years in the battalion. The Adjutant is Captain and Brevet-Major E. H. Platt, of the Somerset Light Infantry. One hundred and fifty men and four officers of the regiment were accepted for service in South Africa during the last war. They were attached to the 1st Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and gave entire satisfaction to the Commanding Officer of that regiment.



Capt. Platt (Adj.) Col. Gibson Lt.-Col. Lockhart

Officers of the 1st V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers now in Camp at Castleton, Derbyshire

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES



By Mrs. JACK MAY

"To the Banks and Braes"

To those that love it, Scotland, doubtless, is the bonny land proclaimed by tradition. Personally, I find it a little chillsome, and the people too self-centred; bagpipes reduce me to hysterical tears, kilts I abhor, and the only plaids possible, in my eyes, are those tempered by French taste. All of which is, I know, highly heretical; but even I am not lost to the seductive wiles of the toothsome grouse. It is a glorious time for everyone upon the moors just now, saving only the poor little brown bird itself, the chief factor of the fun, to whom the tailoring world owes a deep debt of gratitude for keeping the ball rolling in the cause of the correct moor gown. Never, in the whole course of a long and extensive experience, have I ever beheld so many admirable models of this calibre. And of all the brave displays, there is none braver than that at

Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street

It would be necessary to go considerably further ere better fare could be found than obtains here, and not only is there a choice of models, but also veritable mountains of tweeds, friezes, and herring-bones, in fascinating mixtures and colourings, not forgetting the persuasive plaid wherefrom to choose.

The firm have hit, with unerring skill, just precisely the right cut for the resuscitated close-fitting morning coat, a style charmingly exemplified in a broken black and white check frieze.

But throughout these rough-and-ready suits at Peter Robinson's, there is character and the very first conviction; in fact, it is not too much to say that they are the best things of the kind ever turned out, the moderate prices giving no sort of adequate notion of the real value, alike of material, cut, and workmanship.

We have, indeed, fallen upon happy days, when a thoroughly well turned out shooting suit is procurable for something under five guineas—a case in point being illustrated here—the fabricating medium whereof is a rough brown frieze, through which runs a fine blue line, the "pattes," cuffs, collar, waistband, and ornamental diamond *motifs* being of brown leather, as also the buttons. Instructed by well-trained perceptions, this Oxford Street house deserves every credit for being among the first to recognise the exigencies of reduced incomes.

A rough brown frieze Shooting Cost me, with leather collar, cuffs and waistband

(Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street)

With desires more keenly extravagant than ever, and with trebled temptations, it is one of the little ironies of life that the large majority are called upon just to halve their expenditure. It is a depressing experience, and one not at all good to dwell upon, saving only under such rare and encouraging auspices as the moderately-priced tailor suits at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street.

The Importance of the Petticoat

With everything quiet in the matter of modes, we have permitted ourselves the rare indulgence of reflecting on what has been and is; and we have been deploring, among other things, the deficiency of the average Englishwoman

The Bystander, August 17, 1904

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

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BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.—1 minute of sea & 5 minutes of station.

Messrs. Gillows will SELL by AUCTION at the White Hart Hotel, Margate, on Wednesday, August 17, at 6 o'clock in the evening, as a whole or in separate lots, the picturesque brick-built MARINE BUNGALOW, known as "Orion," Spencer Road. The accommodation: 3 sitting, 7bedrooms, charming grounds, tennislawn, orchard, flower garden, detached stabling for 3, coach-house & cottage adjoining, kitchen garden, green-house.

FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, with frontages to excellent roads.

Particulars & conditions of Sale of Messrs. WONTNER & SONS, Solicitors, 19, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.; at the White Hart Hotel, Margate; Mr. COUSINS, Station Approach, Birchington; or of the Auctioneers, 406, Oxford Street, London, W.

LEWES & TUNBRIDGE WELLS (between). —To be LET, Unfurnished, this well-built RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully-timbered grounds, screened from the road by well-matured forest trees, approached by drive. The accommodation comprises: spacious entrance hall, billiard & 4 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, ample stabling, gas & Co.'s water; grounds in all about 45 acres; good cottage. Rent, including the farm, £400 per annum. (12,394)

SUFFOLK (between Ipswich & Yarmouth).—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE on high ground, within easy reach of the Broads. Accommodation: 3 reception, 11 bedrooms; stabling for 2; pleasure grounds with tennis lawn; paddocks; in all about 5 acres. Price, £2,800. Or would LET Unfurnished. (12,395)

HANTS & WILTS (borders of).—To be SOLD, a Sporting ESTATE extending over 1,000 acres, with Queen Anne Mansion in a lovely old park of some 60 acres. Accommodation: fine entrance hall, billiard, 5 reception rooms, 17 bed & dressing rooms, bath (h. & c.); excellent stabling, with living rooms; gardeners' cottages. The Estate is divided into 3 excellent farms with suitable residences & cottages. The entire property lays in a ring fence, & excellent shooting is enjoyed over the land, which is well-planted with coverts. First-class hunting all round. Photos and further details on application. (12,393)

SOUTH WALES (close to station).—Furnished for summer this old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 5 reception, 12 bedrooms; stabling; charming grounds; private trout fishing; golf. Rent, 10 gns. a week. (12,232)

FREEHOLD & FURNITURE.
Price, £10,000.

HOLLAND PARK, W.—The above price will purchase the RESIDENCE and the costly and beautiful contents therein, which includes furniture, carpets, pictures, and ornamental items, statuary, & bronzes, &c. The accommodation comprises: 13 bed, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms, including full-sized billiard room. To anyone requiring a residence of this kind ready for immediate occupation, the above offers a bargain which is without doubt seldom to be met with. (40,181)

MAYFAIR.—For SALE, the 80 years' Lease of a charming modern RESIDENCE, ready for immediate occupation, & containing: 11 bed, bath, & 5 reception rooms. Price, £12,000. (40,152)

PORTLAND PLACE (just off).—£8,000 will purchase a charming RESIDENCE, entirely redecorated, & ready for immediate occupation. Accommodation: 10 bed, 3 bath, billiard, & 4 reception rooms; capital domestic offices. Lease, 50 years. Nominal Ground Rent. (40,136)

LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK.—The Lease of one of the best of these fine MANSIONS for SALE: 16 bed & dressing rooms, bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, & stabling for 6. Charming views over Park. (23,216)

KENSINGTON GARDENS.—£180 per annum will rent a capital RESIDENCE, quite close to the Gardens. 9 bed, bath, & 4 reception rooms. (40,170)

BELGRAVIA.—To LET on Lease, an exceptionally bright & cheerful HOUSE, overlooking ornamental gardens in front: 7 bed, bath, & 3 reception rooms; fitted with electric light & all modern conveniences. Rent, £275, and moderate premium. (40,172)

HAMPSTEAD.—A delightful modern Freehold RESIDENCE for SALE, standing in charming grounds, & occupying a very pleasant position on the borders of Hampstead Heath: 12 bed, bath, 4 reception, & billiard room. Stabling for 3. (38,227)

GROUNDS 1 ACRE

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.—For SALE, the 32 years' Lease of a charming medium-sized RESIDENCE: 7 bed, bath, & 3 magnificent reception rooms. Price, £1,500. (40,138)

SOUTH HAMPSTEAD.—A compact detached RESIDENCE, containing: 10 bed & dressing, bath, & 3 reception rooms; electric light. Rent, £135. (40,153)

BILLIARD ROOM. PASSENGER LIFT.

EATON SQUARE.—Specially-designed & perfectly-appointed RESIDENCE, containing: 11 bed, 2 bath, & 4 reception rooms. Price, £10,800. (40,129)

FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM.

MAIDA VALE.—£110 per ann. will rent a very attractive, well-planned detached RESIDENCE, containing: 6 bed, bath, & 4 reception rooms. Stabling for 3; garden. (40,171)

PUTNEY HEATH.—For SALE, a very choice modern RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully-kept grounds of about 1 acre; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception, & billiard room; stabling for 3; electric light; every convenience. (40,161)

DULWICH.—For SALE, the long Lease of a well-built detached Family RESIDENCE, standing in 2 acres of well-timbered grounds. Accommodation: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception, & full-sized billiard room. Price, £1,800 (part can remain on mortgage). (40,163)

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BYFLEET (on the L. & S. W. Main Line).—To be SOLD, this well-built RESIDENCE, containing: square hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, fitted bath, 2 boxrooms; electric light; well-wooded grounds of 2½ or more acres. Price & rent on application, as above. (12,338)

SOUTHAMPTON WATER.—To be LET on Lease, an imposing RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park of 135 acres, approached by 2 carriage drives with lodge entrances. The accommodation comprises: circular entrance hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 18 bed & dressing rooms, stabling for 10 horses, mens' rooms, good outhouses, attractive pleasure grounds, ornamental lake, kitchen garden, gas, Co.'s water, & telephone laid on; 2,000 acres of shooting could be had by arrangement. Rent on application. (12,391)

YORKSHIRE (in a magnificent position, commanding lovely views).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, a perfect example of an Elizabethan MANSION, in excellent repair, standing in an elevated position in the midst of a picturesque park, which with the land around amounts to 1,200 acres, with lengthy carriage drive & lodge. The accommodation comprises: entrance & staircase halls, billiard, & 5 reception rooms, all of excellent dimensions, 26 bed & dressing rooms, bathrooms, music & schoolrooms. Electric light throughout; heated with hot-water pipes. Model stabling, with accommodation for 11 horses, laundry, & other good outbuildings. Delightful & extensive terrace grounds, kitchen garden. Golf within 2 miles, hunting in the district. Shooting over 1,200 acres, and an additional 2,700 could be rented if required. For price and full details of this fine Estate, apply to the Agents, as above. Photo. (12,390)

ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN.—To be SOLD, a BARGAIN, this well-built RESIDENCE: 4 reception, billiard, 18 bedrooms, stabling for 8, cottage, charming grounds. Shooting, hunting, boating, and fishing in the neighbourhood. (11,657)

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LANCASHIRE (very convenient for Manchester or Liverpool).—To be LET, Furnished, with 1,500 acres of good shooting, the above commodious MANSION, in park, containing entrance and inner halls, 3 spacious reception rooms, billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, and capital offices; extensive pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, greenhouses; stabling for 16 horses, and cottages. The shooting over 1,500 acres includes about 160 acres of cover.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HANTS (near Ventnor, in the most beautiful part of the Island).—For SALE, at a very low figure, a singularly choice and charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, standing high and well sheltered. The Residence, most substantially built of stone, is approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, excellent domestic offices, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water and gas laid on throughout; away from the house is the stabling, approached by separate entrance, and comprising 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, harness room, standing for 4 carriages, coachman's house, etc. The grounds are one of the special features of the property, and, although only about 13 acres in extent, are not overlooked, and are so diversified and undulating that there is the appearance and charm of 30 acres, lovely walks for miles through the woods, shrubberies, and by the sea, to which there is extensive frontage, 2 tennis lawns, 2 fine kitchen gardens, range of glasshouses, summer-houses, and about 6 acres of good meadowland. For Sale by private treaty, and if not so disposed will be Sold by Auction during September.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GORING-ON-THAMES (in a high and secluded position).—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer, or Unfurnished, on lease, a picturesque COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive, and containing: inner and outer halls, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, fitted bathroom and usual offices; stabling for 3, coach-house, harness room, and man's rooms over. Excellent cottage for gardener. Beautifully laid-out grounds, with lawns, shrubberies, Italian garden, terrace walks, orchard, etc., in all about 4 acres. Rent moderate, or any reasonable offer for the Summer months will be considered.—Further particulars from the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected list will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

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FACING THE PARK.

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RENT, £95.

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SURREY (near Bagshot).—To be SOLD or LET, the above pretty HOUSE, situated in a healthy district, within 2½ miles of the station. It stands well back from the road, is approached by carriage drive, is 350ft. above sea level, on sandy soil, and the accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent domestic offices, stabling for 4 horses, coach-house, etc. The grounds, extending in all to about 9 acres, comprise very pretty flower garden, lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard, paddock. — Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,436)

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NEARLY 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, SOUTH ASPECT.

SUSSEX.—For SALE, a medium-sized FREEHOLD PROPERTY, comprising a capital Residence, occupying a unique position, under a mile from station, church, and postal telegraph office. The accommodation comprises: 7 bedrooms and a dressing room, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good kitchen, and offices. The outbuildings consist of: coach-house, stabling, small farmery, and 2 cottages. Delightful, inexpensive gardens and well-timbered meadow land of about 15 acres. —Full particulars of the Sole Agents, OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

150 ACRES AND CAPITAL FARMHOUSE.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.— Near two important market towns and close to station, church, and post office. The Farmhouse stands high, with south aspect, and the land, which is in very good condition, is principally pasture, with fine avenue of elms, orchards, etc. A splendid opportunity for anyone fond of farming.—Inspected and recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

NEAR ASCOT.

£2,300.—In the midst of a favourite social district, 2 miles from station, and near golf links. An attractive modern RESIDENCE, in a beautiful country, and approached by a drive. Contains: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, large lawns, ornamental trees, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and paddock, in all about 7 acres, bounded by stream.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

LUXURIOUSLY-APPOINTED RESIDENCE.

ST. GEORGE'S HILLS, WEYBRIDGE.—In this favourite neighbourhood to be LET or SOLD, upon very advantageous terms. Particularly delightful grounds with small wood and plenty of shade. 4 well-proportioned reception rooms, conservatory, 14 bedrooms, 2 baths, and good offices; ample stabling and cottage.—Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

TO ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

HANTS (near Liphook).—For SALE, or might be LET, a delightful old Freehold Elizabethan FARMHOUSE, which has been modernised and improved by the occupier (a well-known artist), who has exercised great care in retaining all the fine old oak-work and other attractive features. There are 7 bed, 2 large reception rooms, spacious hall 20ft. by 15ft., with fireplace; capital offices; stabling and numerous outbuildings, including a perfectly-equipped studio 54ft. 4in. by 27ft.; fine old-world gardens and grounds of from 4 to 35 acres, as desired.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

FURNISHED OLD MANOR HOUSE.

HAMPSHIRE.—Two miles from market town and close to village, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, modernised at great expense, now in perfect order, well furnished, and affording a very delightful and comfortable abode. Contains: dining, drawing, morning, and tea rooms, library, serving room. Servants' hall and offices, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, &c. Extensive pleasure grounds, with fine old trees, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and meadowland. Water laid on, modern drainage, stabling and cottage. *Rent, only £400 per annum, including gardener's wages.*—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

66½ ACRES, 5 BEDROOMS, 5 STALLS.

SUSSEX (delightfully situate 1½ miles from village and station).—To be SOLD, a Pleasure and Sporting ESTATE, standing on high ground (sand-rock), and commanding views of great variety and extent. There is a capital entrance lodge, and the residence, well built of brick and tiled, is reached by a beautiful carriage drive, and contains: 5 bedrooms bathroom, pretty entrance hall, drawing room facing South, well-proportioned dining-room, a large kitchen, etc., model farm buildings, coach-house, four-stall stable, coachman's rooms, sheds, cowhouses, etc. Pleasure garden and kitchen garden, lawn. The estate is beautifully timbered, and a stream runs through it. The Southdown foxhounds hunt the neighbourhood. — OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.
TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—A fine RESIDENCE, occupying a splendid position, 300ft. above sea level, and surrounded by charming pleasure grounds and gardens, with park. Contains: noble hall, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 19 bed and dressing rooms, and first-class offices. This is an exceptional opportunity of renting, within 45 minutes of town, an exceedingly choice Residence, rich in oak panelling and beautifully-carved chimneypieces, with all necessary stabling, cottages, and outbuildings.—Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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"MILTON HALL," CAMBRIDGE, about 3 miles from the University, and within 80 minutes of town. A delightful Freehold ESTATE of 73 acres with

the above substantially built RESIDENCE, fitted throughout with electric light and telephone. 3 reception, billiard, and 10 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling. 2 lodges, farmery, 3 cottages, etc. Beautifully-timbered pleasure grounds, lake with boathouse, walled kitchen garden, and greenhouse. Good sporting and social district. The above not being sold at the recent auction may now be treated for privately.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,575)

NEAR SUNNINGDALE AND WINDSOR GREAT FOREST.

TO BE SOLD, a Modern HOUSE in the old-fashioned, half-timbered style, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc.; verandah, gas, water, and perfect drainage; 1 mile from golf links; 1½ acres of ground; pine woods adjoining. Price, freehold, £4,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,626)

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER THE WYE VALLEY.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a COUNTRY PROPERTY, in a picturesque district, 300ft. above sea level. House containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; farmhouse and buildings; 2 cottages. 19 acres, beautifully timbered and including pasture, orchards, and pleasure grounds. Bracing district. Station, 1½ miles. Price, £2,000 (below cost).—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,500)

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM DISTRICT.—Very fine old-fashioned red-brick RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, 13 bed, bath (h. and c.). Electric light. Stabling. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens. Cottages. Model farmery. All in thorough order; 170 acres freehold land. To be sold at a fraction of cost for £7,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,601)

Within easy distance of the picturesque Norfolk and Suffolk Broads.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, a well-built HOUSE standing on high ground, and containing: 3 reception, and 9 bedrooms; stabling; 5 acres including pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, paddock, etc. Vinery and conservatory. House in excellent condition. ¾-mile from main line station. Price, £2,800. Rent, £120.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,624)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN.

3½ HOURS OF LONDON.

FOR SALE, owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 6 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,719)

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which are open daily throughout the year for receipt of property intended for prompt public Sale.

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on owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom arranged at shortest notice.

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

FAMILY MANSION IN A FASHIONABLE Residential Town in the West of England.—Accommodation comprises: 5 splendid reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. Stabling for 10 horses. Well-planted grounds of 1½ acres, with croquet and tennis lawns.—Price on application, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,631)

CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE WITH 16 ACRES.

£3,500.—The House stands well back from the road and is approached by a carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling, 2 cottages. Farmery. Attractive pleasure grounds, orchard and pasture. Hunting. Also to be LET.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,208)

SURREY (NEAR WEYBRIDGE).

THIS UNFURNISHED RESIDENCE to be LET on Lease, containing: 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, etc. About ¾ acre of grounds, reaching down to river, with excellent boating and fishing; 15 minutes from station (main L. and S. W. R.); near golf links. Rent, £100 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,628)

OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

SOMERSET.—To be LET, Furnished, for the Summer or longer, an old gabled Elizabethan MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order. 6 reception and 13 bedrooms. Walled garden. Good stabling.—Rent and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 549)

STOKE POGES. BURNHAM BEECHES.

CLOSE to Great Western Motor Service. Nicely-timbered FREEHOLD LAND for Investment or occupation.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON,

In a picturesque village in the Basingstoke District.

£6,000 for a Charming COUNTRY PROPERTY, including a substantially-built RESIDENCE in the Georgian style, standing in beautifully laid-out grounds of about 2 acres. Accommodation: 4 spacious reception rooms, 12 good bedrooms, etc., the principal rooms facing south; stabling for 3 or 7; motor house; 2 cottages. Telephone. 300ft. above sea level. Extra land available.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,198)

83 ACRES. ENTRANCE LODGES. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE. STABLING FOR 9. FARMERY.

SURREY (under one hour from the City; station two miles).—To be SOLD or LET Furnished, for the Summer, the above old-fashioned creeper and ivy-clad RESIDENCE (3 reception and 8 bed and dressing rooms), standing 280ft. above sea level, in beautifully laid-out pleasure grounds of several acres, and heavily-timbered park land, orchards and woodland, extending to 83 acres; farmery, entrance lodges, stabling for 9; private golf course. Excellent hunting, shooting, and fishing in the district.—Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property. (1,415)

GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.—Picturesque RESIDENCE in a fine position, commanding good views and approached by a long avenue carriage drive: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, boudoir, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; well-matured and tastefully laid-out pleasure gardens, avenue of chestnuts, tennis lawn; 18 acres in all. Rent, £255 p.a.—Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,605)

HERTS (10 minutes from a station, under an hour of town).—To be SOLD, a PICTURESQUE GABLED RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully-timbered grounds and parklike lands of over 12 acres. The house, which is approached by 2 carriage drives, with lodge entrances, contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Gas and water laid on. Gravel soil. Stabling for 4; conservatory; farmery; 2 cottages. Would be let Unfurnished.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,505)

CHESHUNT DISTRICT.

With easy access to Town.

TO CLOSE AN ESTATE.—For SALE, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds and containing: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, etc.; stabling, excellent garden and paddocks; about 2½ acres in all. Price, only £1,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,572)

WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE RENOWNED SANDWICH GOLF LINKS

£2,000 for this old-fashioned RESIDENCE, prettily furnished, standing high on gravel soil, overlooking the valley of the Stour: 5 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bath. Beautiful grounds with magnificent cedars. Conservatories, cottage, laundry, stabling. Fishing, hunting and shooting; 5 minutes from village. Price includes furniture and outdoor effects.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,592)

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ALMOST UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE on the Sussex coast with magnificently timbered grounds, leading to the sea shore and commanding grand views of the Channel; to be SOLD at moderate price. It contains: 12 bedrooms and large reception rooms, stabling for 4, cottage; near favourite seaside town, easy drive of Goodwood. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,030)

DOVER AND DEAL (between).—Price £2,500 for a charming old-fashioned Bijou HOUSE, with unusually attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and stabling for 2 horses; 5 minutes' walk from station; 10 minutes by rail of Dover. Or would be LET Unfurnished. Rent £120. Inspected. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,726)

CHELMSFORD and INGATESTONE (between).—Charming old-world RESIDENCE and 10 Acres, for SALE at moderate price; 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, hall with fireplace; stabling, farmery, 4 cottages, and delightfully timbered and secluded grounds, glasshouses, and paddocks; 2 miles from station; excellent hunting district; daily reach of town.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,824)

UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

700 FEET ABOVE SEA (on the Kent and Surrey borders).—Price, £5,000 for the above interesting and genuine old Jacobean MANOR HOUSE and 14 acres, with stabling, cottage, pretty grounds, kitchen garden, orchard and meadow; grand views.—Full details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,704)

BETWEEN LONDON AND SOUTH COAST.—100 acres of grass and woodland and a charming modernised, moderate-sized RESIDENCE to be SOLD. Fine views, dry soil, modern drainage; electric light. Stabling, good farmhouse and outbuildings; inexpensive pleasure grounds and kitchen garden; good hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,631)

MARKET HARBOROUGH and KETTERING (between), in the cream of the Pytchley country. Price £2,200, for an unusually attractive old-fashioned country house, containing: 8 bed, 3 reception rooms, and usual offices, well-matured pleasure grounds with fine timber, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, stabling for 6 horses, useful outbuildings, and prolific pasture; in all over 9 acres. Near church and village; 3½ miles from station.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,567)

THE above picturesque RESIDENCE, in superb "old world" grounds, would be LET Unfurnished on Lease, or the property, of some 15 acres, would be SOLD. It is situate in a Home County, about 45 minutes from London, amidst attractive rural surroundings. The house contains: lounge hall, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling and 2 cottages. Lovely grounds, with grand expanse of sheltered lawns; well-timbered paddocks.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,219)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS, 500ft. above sea, with grand panoramic views of the North Downs, Box Hill, and the intervening valley. — £7,500 for a charming old-fashioned Family HOUSE, with 35 acres, beautiful grounds, plantations, and meadows; stabling for 4, farmery, and entrance lodge; 2½ miles from station, 45 minutes from London. Would be sold with less land. Recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,937)

YORKSHIRE.—Romantically situated amongst the Fells. Rent £300 (Unfurnished), with nearly 2,000 acres of shooting (including small grouse moor), and 2 miles of salmon and trout fishing. The above capital country house (18 bedrooms, large reception and billiard room), grandly timbered grounds, stabling, cottages, kitchen garden, glasshouses and meadow. Two miles from a station; notoriously healthy and good residential district. Recommended. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,703)

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

£8 AN ACRE.—To be SOLD, at this greatly reduced price, a Freehold Residential and Sporting ESTATE, of over 2,000 acres, in a beautiful part of North Devon, near Exmoor and the sea. Comfortable Manor House, stabling, attractive grounds and numerous farms with good homesteads and buildings, all let; first-rate sporting, including partridge and wild duck shooting; red deer abound; some miles of trout fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,967)

HERTFORDSHIRE (3½ miles from station).—To be SOLD, a very choice ESTATE of some 800 acres, with the above handsome Mansion, in beautiful grounds and park. The Residence contains: suite of spacious reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, etc.; ample stabling, good cottages. The land is all let, and the property lies compactly together.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,940)

TO YACHTSMAN.—Magnificently situated on the Hamble, near Southampton, private anchorage for 200-ton yacht. Picturesque RESIDENCE for SALE; perfect order; 14 bed, 2 bathrooms, large reception; unusually well-wooded grounds, lawns, glasshouses, meadows, cottages, private boathouse, stabling, &c.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,316)

NEAR RUGBY (a bargain).—Well-arranged moderate-sized RESIDENCE, with gardens and paddocks, about 5 acres. Stabling for 4, coachman's cottage, pleasure and kitchen gardens, and two capital paddocks. A few minutes' walk from station and village. Price, £2,250.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,510)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.—£3,150 only for a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, of medium size, and 72 acres (37 grass), in a pretty district, under 50 miles from London, a mile from station; stabling, farm buildings, pleasure and kitchen gardens; good partridge shooting, fishing, and hunting; gravel soil.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,432)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession; price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)

SYMONDS YAT.—Beautifully-situated BUNGALOW RESIDENCE for SALE, with several acres, standing well above the River Wye; pretty gardens and capital orchard. Shooting, hunting, boating, and golf in the neighbourhood. Grand scenery and very pretty situation. Near church, station, and post.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,329)

FINE MODERN ELIZABETHAN MANSION IN HERTS.—To be LET on Lease. It stands high, in a favourite part of the county, whence the City is easily accessible in less than an hour. 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bed and dressing, and bathrooms. Excellent stabling. Handsome grounds and well-timbered park-like land adjoining.—Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,694)

45 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

OXSHOTT and COBHAM (surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully-timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

OLD BERKELEY COUNTRY (30-acre Residential Estate, with frontage to a river affording capital fishing).—To be SOLD or LET, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE of medium size, with charming surroundings, very accessible from town and in a first-rate social district. The house has been re-modelled and appointed. The estate is compact and self-contained, and includes stabling, farmery, and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,651)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.

10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

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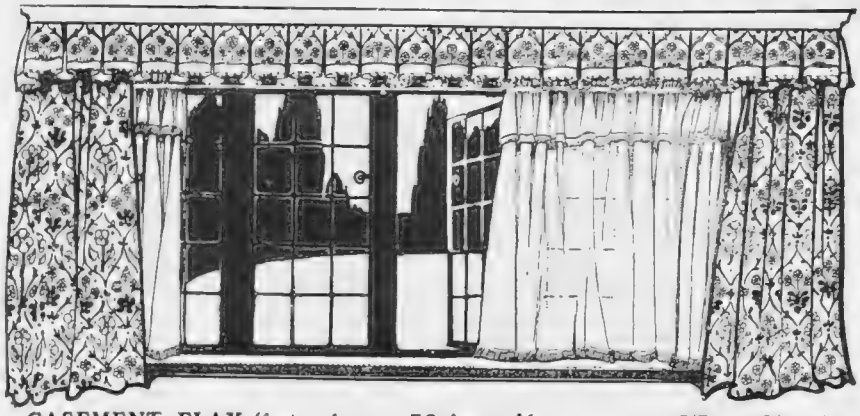

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Military and Sporting Tailors and BREECHES MAKERS.

MESSRS. J. DEGE and SONS beg to draw attention to their Seamless Knee Grip Breeches, which are by far the most comfortable at present in use. Their invention does not only reduce the chafing of the knee-bone to a minimum, but clears away all the superfluous length at back of knee, which is so objectionable in ordinary cut breeches.

Also to a new

STOCKINETTE CLOTH

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GOLFING, FISHING, and SHOOTING COATS.

These Cloths, being Elastic, give greater freedom to the wearer than the ordinary Tweeds, and are quite as durable.

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13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

in the matter of petticoats. The importance of the petticoat, somehow, cannot be grasped; and the want has been brought very forcibly home to us by the invariable spectacle of the unlined linen skirt, supported by a flimsy, draggle-tail washing petticoat.

Almost has Ambrosine, in the tenderness of a youthful conscience, been reduced to tears when reflecting how emphatically we have been advocating the linen costume, only to find the realisation so disappointing. For the feminine world has followed, to a woman, the dictates of *La Mode*, and equipped herself with linen gowns *ad lib.*, at the same time exemplifying to a marked degree the oft-repeated adage, that the art of good dressing lies not nearly so much in what is worn as how it is worn.

Now, it is given to the few only to carry off with complete *éclat* the simple linen frock. Of the truth of that fact we can bring forward endless personal experiences, gathered during the past week, and, but for a few redeeming exceptions, we might have been reduced to condemning for evermore the possibilities of the linen toilette.

Over the memory of one of these happy exceptions, we have lingered long and lovingly. The wearer was tall, beyond the average, and with a figure of adorable suppleness, and she wore a mauve linen, not of too pale a shade, but of slightly subdued tone, with delicate touches of white embroidery about it, while round the edge of the bolero, and up the shallow vandyked fronts, there peeped a tiny, coquettish frill of *plissé* white muslin, a forerunner of the deeper ruffle employed as the completing note to the wide-cuffed sleeve. And with this gown there was worn a straight brim, low crown, mauve straw hat, simply wreathed with those lovely faded pink roses, that blend so perfectly with mauve, tilted to a smart upright angle at the back, on a smaller floral *cache-peigne*.

The distinctive feature of the whole affair, however, in our eyes, was the hang of the skirt; and when this, for some reason or another, was raised, we perceived a *balayeuse* of mauve muslin, and a petticoat of white silk, trimmed with tiny *plissé* frills, of mauve ribbon, scrolled about to form a design.

On the score of economy, my advice is, have a silk petticoat every time, rather than a washing one, for wear with linen skirts. Once the stiffness has gone out of the latter, woe betide the appearance of the skirt; and now that we are permitted to run light lines of fish-bone through the back of our "jupons," a certain fictitious stiffness is maintained with silk, which can only be regarded favourably, in view of the fact that skirts are appreciably increasing in width at the hem. And the moral of this story is, look to your petticoats, and your skirts will look after themselves.

Our other design represents a *chic* little morning gown for wear at a smart foreign watering resort, of black and white check d *lainage*, trimmed with *plissé* frills of the same. The skirt is mounted in most original fashion on a deep shaped yoke, and the corsage opens on a guimpe of white *mousseline de soie; ceinture* and collar of black taffetas.

For Seaside Wear: A chic morning costume of black and white checked lainage

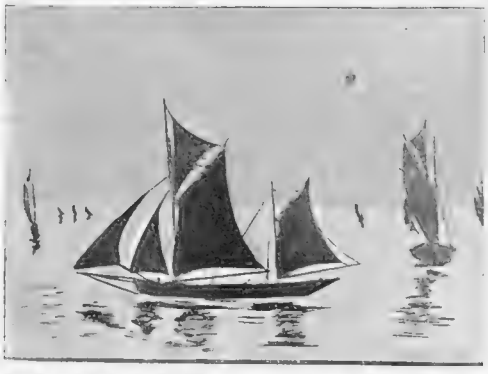
JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.,

Manufacturers and Designers of Interiors and Furniture.

PANELLED OAK DINING ROOM
(included in the numerous Specimen Furnished Rooms on view at Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, W.)

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, Tottenham Court Road, W.

ART WALL PAPERS



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LINEN VOILE LINEN TWEED LINEN CANVAS
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Truth says:
"I have found Mrs. ADAIR'S Book most instructive."

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO PUPILS DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

I am beginning to develop an extreme distrust of the minimum no-trump declaration. It is a hand containing a queen above the average hand, that is to say, containing an A, K, Q, J, 10 down to the three and another queen, with the cards so distributed that three suits are guarded, and there is a good chance of making four tricks in it. Well, I have faithfully declared no-trumps on it, as the authorities enjoin, and I am beginning to believe that it does not pay, that one should only call no-trumps on it to the score, as a declaration of despair, when your opponents are 24 or more against your love.

Here is an instance of the kind of hand:

♣ Q, J, 8, 3
♠ K, Q, 10, 9
♡ A, 5, 4
♦ 7, 6

Well, I have been declaring no-trumps on such hands, and the results have been painful and disastrous. I come to grief five times out of seven. It is not a matter of bad luck, for I come to grief on such calls when my luck is good, and I see other players do the same. I am of the opinion that the authorities ought to make the minimum no-trump call higher, say a king, queen, above the value of an average hand, or perhaps a queen, knave, and always with the cards so distributed that three suits are guarded. If the authorities refuse to raise the strength of the minimum no-trump call, I should advise careful and steady players to refuse to countenance their recklessness.

There is also a lead in the code of leads I published which needs to be considered afresh, that is the lead of ace from ace to three or four little ones. A great many players of skill and great experience lead the ace, for the very plausible reason that they get a useful look at Dummy which enables them to make their second lead with knowledge. This is all very well, and a considerable advantage; but that advantage is far too often counterbalanced by the disadvantage that you have thrown away the command of a strong suit of your opponents, to be safely sought by this lead. It is best, if you can do so, to leave that suit alone, or, if you must lead from it, to lead a little one, even if it be a three suit only containing the ace and two little ones.

There is another lead I sometimes feel inclined to add to the code, and that is the lead of the ten from king, knave, ten. The ten is led to show your partner that you hold the king and not the ace, the lead from ace, knave, ten being the knave. But by admitting this lead of the ten into the code, it not only means another lead to be remembered, but it adds an exception to that simple and extremely useful general rule: "Lead the highest of an intermediate sequence." "Badsworth" goes so far as to propose the lead of the nine from king, knave, ten, nine; but he give no reason for it, nor can I see one. It seems to me the needless multiplication of leads with a vengeance.

Our Third Holiday Competition Hand will be given next week

The Menu

A Few Seasonable Dishes

TO ROAST GROUSE

Handle the birds very lightly in plucking off the feathers, draw them and wipe the insides with a clean cloth, truss them and roast them for about half-an-hour, basting them frequently with butter. Serve them on buttered toast, which has been laid under them in the pan for ten minutes, or, if preferred, with gravy and bread sauce only.

A SALMI OF GAME, BLACK COCK, OR GROUSE

Put all the bones and trimmings of the grouse into a clean stewpan, and add two or three sliced onions, a bay leaf, a small blade of mace, and a few peppercorns; then pour in a pint or rather more of good veal gravy or strong broth, and boil it briskly until reduced to nearly half the quantity. Strain the gravy, add a little cayenne and lemon juice, and heat the same very gradually in it, but on no account allow it to boil. Dish up with sippets of fried bread round and pour the sauce over. The sauce is much improved by the addition of a glass of claret or white wine.

VEGETABLE MARROW SOUP

One large marrow, 1 pint stock, 1 pint milk, 2 ozs. butter, 1 oz. flour, pepper and salt.

Peel one large marrow, cut it up and remove the seeds, and stew it in the stock till tender, adding pepper and salt. When quite cooked, pulp through a hair sieve, take 2 pints of the pulp and add to it 1 pint of milk, boil them together for half-an-hour. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in 1 oz. of flour, stir till it is a smooth paste, add this to the soup, let the whole boil up and serve. This is a good vegetarian soup.

TURBOT À LA CRÊME

The remains of cold turbot, remove all skin and bone. Whilst it is hot, cut the fish into nice square pieces; put 2 ozs. of butter in a stewpan; when it melts add ¼ pint of cream, let it nearly boil, lay in the fish to get hot, season with pepper, salt, and cayenne. Serve garnished with fried croûtons and slices of hard-boiled eggs.

RICE PUDDING MERINGUE

Wash ¼ lb. of Carolina rice, stew it gently in 1¼ pint of milk till quite tender—it will take about half-an-hour—keep it well stirred; let it cool, then stir in 1½ ozs. of butter, 2 ozs. of sifted sugar, a pinch of salt, the grated rind of a small lemon, and the beaten yolks of four large eggs. Put the mixture into a well-buttered pie-dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, mix them with ¼ lb. castor sugar and a pinch of arrowroot, spread this lightly over the pudding with a knife. Bake about half-an-hour in a moderate oven, and serve immediately. This pudding can be varied by putting a layer of jam or stewed fruit at the bottom of the dish, in which case cook only half the quantity of rice.

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MELANYL THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK IN ONE BOTTLE

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Appointments to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars—Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz.

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Samples and Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

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Old Shirts made good as New with good Materials in neckband, cuffs and front for 14/- the half doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

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LUNTIN Mixture

Is a tobacco that possesses all the virtues and none of the vices of pipe tobaccos. It smokes cool and dry, having a natural sweetness of flavour without being artificially sweetened.

Sold in 2 oz. packets, **1/-**, and ¼lb. tins **2/-**.

Sample packets, **7d.** (post free), from Sole Manufacturers,

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Edinburgh,

or FOYLE & SONS, 37, Hounsditch, London, E.C.

Who will furnish address of nearest Tobacconist.

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All MARTELL'S BRANDIES are guaranteed PURE GRAPE.

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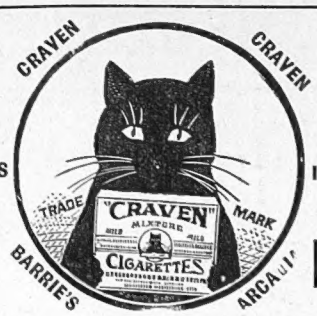

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

We have received two numbers of a very interesting little contemporary, called *Occasional Papers*, which, according to the preface to the third number, claims "to elevate and to create." It is not published for pecuniary profit, so its owners inform us, but out of sheer love of literature. To undertake labour of this nature for the mere love of it proves enthusiasm, and is a great element towards its success. More especially is this the case in the sphere of literature at a time when the mass of the contents of our magazines merely serve to pass an idle moment and soon spoil all taste for good writing. The last number of *Occasional Papers* before us is full of interesting and well-written articles and essays, and among its contributors are such men as Judge Willis and G. K. Chesterton, whom our readers know well. We wish *Occasional Papers* every success, and thoroughly recommend it to all those who want a thoroughly literary magazine. It is published on the 15th of each month at 3, Lansdowne Crescent, Bournemouth, and its price is *6d.* net.

Pope's Legate at "Earl's Court"

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the Legate to Ireland of his Holiness the Pope, visited the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court last week. He was accompanied by the Archbishop of Westminster, with his private secretary, the Rev. Arthur Jackman. The Cardinal's personal suite were Monsignor Ciocci, Canon Bernardini, the Marquis MacSweeny, and Mr. MacNutt. The party were received at the Warwick Road entrance by Mr. R. Claude Garnett, Managing Director of the London Exhibitions, Ltd., and Signor Della Veechia, representing the Italian Chamber of Commerce in London, and shown the Ducal Hall, Queen's Palace, and Imperial Court, where some time was spent inspecting the exhibits. Entry to "Venice by Night" was followed by a trip on the State gondola, when His Eminence had the pleasure of hearing Gounod's "Ave Maria" sweetly rendered on the Grand Canal from the moored barca. The beautiful glass-blowing of the famous Venezia-Murano House was watched with much interest, and the Cardinal and Dr. Bourne each graciously accepted a tastefully designed vase in Old Venetian style that was forged in their presence. A visit to the marvellous model of St. Peter's, of Rome, with afternoon tea in the Old Welcome Club, concluded what appeared to be, from the encomiums passed by the Cardinal and suite, a most enjoyable visit.

His Majesty and International Cycling

His Majesty King Edward VII. has graciously consented to the World's Cycling Championships, which are to be decided at the Crystal Palace on September 3, 8, and 10, being held under his patronage.

Our Coloured Supplement

For this week's Supplement we have pleasure in presenting our readers with another charming tinted photographic study of a well-known young actress—Miss Phyllis Dare. This is the third of a series of studies in the same style of celebrities, which have been given away from time to time. Besides this series, the future has in store for BYSTANDER readers a continuation of the original coloured sketches by leading artists, which have been presented almost every week in the form of supplements.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"A Sporting Adventurer." By Fox Russell. (R. A. Everett.)

"A Fight to a Finish." By Major C. G. Dennison, D.S.O. (Longmans.) *5s.*

"The Snob." By Walter Emanuel. Illustrated by Cecil Aldin. (Lawrence and Bullen.) *3s. 6d.*

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Distillers Since 1679.

The Three Best Brands.

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SPECIAL RESERVE.

STAR ROYAL.

Guaranteed PURE MALT Scots Whisky.

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Gunmaker by Warrants of Appointment to

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Estimates Free.

ON THE BORDERS OF HEREFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a Freehold Family RESIDENCE, situated in an exceedingly healthy district some 400ft. above sea level, known as Leintwardine House, Leintwardine, Herefordshire, containing: spacious hall, 30ft. by 10ft., drawing room, 21ft. by 17ft., overlooking the lawns and the valley of the Teme, dining room, 20ft. by 16ft., morning room, 21ft. by 17ft.; on the first floor, 8 bed and dressing rooms; on the second floor, 5 good bedrooms, bathrooms, etc. Stabling, 4 stalls and loose box, coach-house and harness room. Hunting with 4 packs of foxhounds, viz., the Ludlow, United, North Hereford, Radnorshire, and other hounds hunt the district. Trout fishing in Little Teme and Chere. Golf links at Bromfield, 6 miles distant.—Price, etc., apply L. H. I., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE—To be LET or SOLD, modern Detached BUNGALOW RESIDENCE, pleasantly situated in bracing position, close to Golf Links, near good town, and within 2½ hours of London. Hall, lounge, 1 reception, and 5 bedrooms, attic, bath (h. and c.), and usual offices; pleasant garden. Rent £65 per annum. Price £1,300. Also for SALE, a Detached five-roomed, stone-built COTTAGE, with garden, next to the above. Price, £400.—Apply to DAVIS and CHAMPION, Estate Agents, Stroud, Glos.

SURREY.—Choice FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND for SALE, from £100 per acre; sloping south aspect, amidst grand scenery, over 300ft. above sea level, mile from Capel village and Ockley Station.—WM. VAUGHAN, Clark's Green, Capel, Surrey.

BADMINTON HUNT.

£140 PER ANNUM.—To be LET, Unfurnished, a first-class HUNTING BOX, 2 miles from a main line station and from a favourite town. It is in the centre of this well-known hunt and very accessible to the V. W. H. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, and bathroom, good kitchen and domestic offices. The stabling consists of 10 boxes, 4 stalls, coach-house, harness room, etc. Good accommodation for stableman.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO PURCHASE on the G.W. Ry., in a high position, and preferably in Gloucestershire, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing 16 to 18 bedrooms, surrounded by small park of 30 to 50 acres. About £12,000 will be given.—Replies to Sir Frederick, c/o OWEN WALLIS, 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

BORD'S PIANOS. BORD'S PIANOS. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS' HIRE System. Pianos Exchanged. Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C

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THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE
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CROMER. **CROMER.** **CROMER.** The Charming Health and Pleasure Resort on East Coast. Send Two Stamps to "MANAGER, Advertising Department, Cromer," for Illustrated Guide giving full particulars of Town and District.

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(With which is incorporated Messrs. F. & E. BARKER, formerly of Old Cavendish St., W.)
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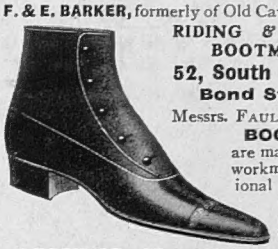
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LEGGINGS.—Messrs. FAULKNER & SON are now showing the smartest and neatest Legging yet introduced.
Price Lists and Instructions for Self-measurement on Application

Goddard's Plate Powder
For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
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Advances made. **Stocks and Shares** bought and sold.
Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

DECAUVILLE, 10-12 h.-p., two cylinders, tonneau body, painted green, equal sized wheels. See bands on back wheels, Michelin tyres, gears and tyres as new, car in fine condition, new 1903 owner buying larger car same make; can be seen by appointment; price £250, including three lamps, horn, and usual tools.—Owner, 70, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

GEORGES-RICHARDS Car, 10 h.-p., two cylinders, three speeds and reverse, good hill-climber, aluminium tonneau body, with glass front and canopy top, in perfect working order, recently overhauled, with new gears; trial by appointment.—B., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

22 h.-p. Daimler for sale, exceedingly handsome, touring car, equal to new, everything right up to date, including 1904 carburettor; price to an immediate cash purchaser, £600; the car can be inspected at any time, and a trial run arranged.—For particulars, apply to Scott, c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

RENAULT Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—We have cars offered by private owners, to whom we will introduce you without fees.—Write at once, stating your requirements Frank Little and Co., engineers, High Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MAYFAIR Voiturette, 4½ h.-p. De Dion engine, wipe contact, two-seated, leather hood, three lamps, two accumulators, wire wheels, pneumatic tyres, in splendid condition and running order, just overhauled; £65; trial by appointment.—T. C. Moffatt, 46, Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon.

DAIMLER, 23 b.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12-16 h.-p. two-cylinder Darracq, very fast and powerful, in splendid condition, upholstered leather, roomy tonneau, painted dark blue; any trial; price £180.—Armitage, 91, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

10 h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p, Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h. p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road, Weston-super-Mare.

FOR SALE, 10 h.-p. double-cylinder Albion car, solid tyres, magneto ignition, side doors to front seats, canopy with curtains and 2 glass screens; can be started from seat; bought July, 1903, but very little used owing to owner's absence abroad; in very good condition; owner buying a four-cylinder car only reason for selling; trial given. Price, with all necessary spares, £300.—WILMOT-SITWELL, Cattistock, Dorset.

PANHARD, 10 h.-p., new 1903, Brougham Top and glass front, lined box cloth, body cost about £150; owing to owner's ill-health this car has only been run about 50 miles. Can be seen anywhere near London.—G.W., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

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THE most important are PORTABILITY, COMPACTNESS, RELIABILITY, and EASE OF WORKING. There is no camera in the world possessing all these qualifications in such a marked degree as the **EASTMAN KODAK.** Every Kodak is of the finest workmanship, highest finish, greatest ingenuity and durability. The leading photographic paper speaks of "the well-known Kodak nicety of detail, beauty of appearance, sweetness and sureness of movement," and these are typical of all cameras of the Kodak manufacture. Kodaks may be bought from 5s. upwards. We will send you a complete list on application.

WARNING!

The Name KODAK on Photographic Goods is as the hall mark on silver. It stands for quality and reliability, and means goods manufactured by the Kodak Co. Refuse all substitutes, and advise us when they are pressed upon you.

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Wholesale and Retail Branches: 96, Bold-st., Liverpool; and 72-74, Buchanan-st., Glasgow.
Retail Branches: 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, Strand, London, W.C.

THE "GRAPHIC"

Amateur Photographic Competition

The previous Photographic Competitions have met with such great success, and have attracted so much interest amongst amateur photographers, who sent in many thousand contributions, that the Proprietors of THE GRAPHIC have decided to hold another competition, and to offer the following prizes:

FIRST PRIZE	£20
SECOND ,, ...	£15
THIRD ,, ...	£10
FOURTH ,, ...	£5

The prize photographs will be published in THE GRAPHIC, together with any others which the judges think worthy of special mention. The fee of One Guinea will be paid for each photograph reproduced, with the exception of the prize photographs. At the last competition a large number of photographs were selected by the judges for publication and special mention, in addition to the prize photographs.

RULES

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC Amateur Photographic Competition, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

BUDGET 1904 ALTERATIONS.

No Change in the Price of

MALCAJIK

Cigarettes.

As before, 7s. per 100, Large Size.
In Boxes of 100, 50, 25.

Made of Tobacco from the manufacturer's own plantations at Malcajik in Asia Minor

Manufacturer: C. C. O. VAN LENNEP.
17 & 18, Great Pulteney Street, LONDON, W.

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